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WEE TIBBIE'S GARLAND,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

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LOAN STACK

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PREFACE.

Although, as a rule, prefaces are but seldom read, more particularly where the book is of an interesting character, a word or two, by way of explanation, may not perhaps be out of place in reference to the present volume. As has been already said in the prospectus, the series of poems from which the book takes its name, were specially written for Miss M. Sharpe, *alias* "Wee Tibbie," whose likeness appears, along with that of the Author, on the frontispiece of the present volume, and which will be recognized by thousands who have listened with delight to her very characteristic rendering of the pieces it contains. Her first efforts as a reader—in the part of the "No' weel Lassie"—gave such promise of future excellence, that I was induced to write one or two pieces of a character, fitted to develope still further Miss Sharpe's peculiar gift, as well as to entertain and instruct the members of the "Daisy" Lodge of Juvenile Good Templars, of which I was then president. Of these pieces, the one by which she

became all at once so popular was "Wee Tibbie and her Bib;" the which popularity became confirmed by her exquisite rendering of the "Auldfarrant Wean," which, I need hardly say, is a faithful portrait of herself. But the former piece is the stem from which all the other pieces composing the "Garland" *proper*, may be said to have grown; grown too, so as to form a kind of consecutive story, and *that* by no preconceived plan of mine. In point of fact, the first piece that appears in the book was the very last written. So that in such matters it would almost seem as if there was

> "A divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them as we will."

It is, without doubt, a source of no little gratification to an author to have his productions favourably noticed by the Press—and of my own share in such pleasure I have no reason to complain—but in reference to the present volume, I may say that my "love-of-approbation" organ has already been amply gratified by the hearty applause, and very cordial reception, these pieces have met with from the public, at social gatherings in and around Glasgow, while the tear-moistened eyes of not a few have to me afforded greater evidence of their power to touch the heart, than all the eulogiums that could be

written. I am therefore encouraged to hope that my present contribution to Temperance literature may not be the least successful of my efforts to *entertain*, if not to make better and happier my fellow men.

For the introduction of a number of poems which have already a place in my other volumes, I make no apology, seeing that my object is to furnish a collection of pieces suitable for the social circle, whether in the home, the lodge, the soiree, or the temperance meeting. And considering the absurd and nonsensical character of much that is said and sung at temperance gatherings, a volume somewhat akin in character to the present, is very much needed.

Thanking my numerous subscribers in the various Lodges throughout the length and breadth of Scotland for the encouragement they have afforded me, I beg to subscribe myself, with all due respect,

JAMES NICHOLSON.

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WEE TIBBIE'S GARLAND.

I.

TIBBIE HER LANE.

It's eerie, oh it's eerie! here,
To bide ane's leesome lane
In this cauld hoose sae comfortless,
Especially for a wean;
Gin faither were but at his wark
I wadna care a preen,
But a' day in the public hoose
He tines his senses clean!
It's no that he has ocht to spen',
But drouthies like himsel'
Find ways an' means to get the drink,
Yet hoo, it's hard to tell;
An' Kirsty Broon the change-hoose wife,
Nae doot, is sair to blame,
In giein' credit, kennin' weel
Hoo things are here at hame!

Oh gin he wad but fa' to wark
An' crush the fell desire,
I wadna need to sit my lane
Withoot ae' spunk o' fire;
But noo that dreary winter's gane—
The lang dark nichts near by,
An' the frosty winds ootside the door
Nae langer moan an' sigh,
I'll no be feart to sit my lane,
To bed I winna creep
To hide my heid an' nurse the thochts
That winna let me sleep.
An' wha kens but the Lord abune
May hear my fervent prayer,
An' sen' my faither hame to me
A sober man ance mair.

My claes are wearin' a' to rags,
My cheeks are pale an' thin;
My very banes, the neebors say,
Are wearin' through my skin.
Upon my feet, for months an' mair
I hae'na had a shae,—
An' oh, to think! that Kirsty Broon
Should sen' the ither day
An' auld pair o' her laddie's buits—
No worth a broon bawbee;
But I heav'd them at his muckle heid;
My sang! I let him see
That though we're puir, we hae a pride
That Puirtith canna tame—

Me! to insult wi' her auld trash;
Atweel she micht think shame!
It's no through kindness, weel I ken,
She sen's sic things to me,
Her conscience winna let her rest,—
She kens she has to dee!
The siller that should cleed me weel
She kens for drink she's ta'en;
An' mair sae when she minds that she
Has bairnies o' her ain!
Oh happy days! oh blissfu' times!
Ere mither pass'd awa';—
They say I was a weel-faur'd wean,
An' keepit bien an' braw;
The only cloud that dim'd oor sky
Was when the pay-nicht cam',
When mither saw, wi' bodin' fear
His likin' for the dram.

Oh mither! but I'm glad to think
Ye are'na here to share
Wi' me this weary, weary life
O' sorrow, want, an' care!
My waefu' thochts ye dinna ken,
My tears ye dinna see,
Or in my dreams ye wadna come
An' smile sae sweet on me!
Sweet dreams an' visions o' the nicht!
Ye've a' the bliss I hae,
For I see the angels in my sleep
An' hear the harpers play;

An' mither sings a sweet, sweet sang,
An' the words are wondrous fine,
For they bid me put my trust in Him
Wha blest wee bairns langsyne.

Nae won'er at that blessed name
My heart within me warms,
To think he should love bairns like me,
An' clasp them in his arms!
The griefs that weigh upon my heart
To him I'll freely tell,
An' when he hears, he'll mind that he
Was ance a bairn himsel'!
For ane amang thy human flock—
For ane gane far astray—
My faither, lang the slave o' Drink
For him, dear Lord, I pray!
O shed the licht o' thy rich love
Upon his precious soul;
An' save him frae the demon Drink,
For thou can'st mak' him whole.

II.

TIBBIE AND MADGE.

MADGE.

What ails thee, Tibbie, cousin mine?
Ye look sae pale an' wae;
Guid bairns should aye be blythe at heart,
I've heard my mither say;

Wi' lauchin' an' wi' daffin' we
  Should haud the hoose in glee,
While in an' oot we jink aboot,
  Like maukens on the lea.

Dae ye ken the Spring has come, my lass?
  The hedges budded green,
Ance mair the gowans on the lea
  Look up wi' lauchin' een;
An' the daft wee lambs are loupin' thrang
  Through a' the sunny day;
An' the burnie singin' to itsel'
  Beneath the breckan brae.

TIBBIE.

Oh Madie, dearest! dinna speak
  To me aboot sic things,
E'en Simmer wi' its scented breath
  To me nae pleasure brings;
To me, a' seasons are alike,
  'Tis Winter a' the year,
The sun o' joy that shines to bless
  Sheds nae warm sunlicht here!
[*Laying her hand on her heart.*]

Sae lonely is the life I lead,
  Sae cheerless noo oor hame;
Gin folk but look me in the face
  I hing my heid wi' shame;
An' a' nicht lang this waefu' thocht
  Ne'er lets me sleep a wink,—

That faither's gaun frae bad to waur
Wi' the accursed drink!

MADGE.

Oh Tibbie, but I'm wae for thee,
My very heart is sair!
An' is there nocht that I could dae
To mak' thee blythe ance mair?
Come hame to us, my mither says,
In comfort we'll thee keep,
While in the hurley bed wi' me
Sae cosily ye'll sleep.

An' lea' thy cruel faither,
Wha o' thee tak's little heed,—
The a'mry toom! the coals a' dune!
I won'er ye're no deid!
Ye winna come? ye'd rather dee;
Ah, Tibbie lass, ye hae
A wee proud speerit o' yer ain,—
A spice o' temper tae.

TIBBIE.

What! lea' my faither to himsel',
When maist he needs my care;
Then wha wad sit for him at e'en
An' help him up the stair?
My faither cruel-hearted! Madge?
Oh little dae ye ken
That faither's heart! that faither's love!—
Amang the sons o' men,

There could'na be a kinder heart.
D'ye ken, he whiles tak's me,
An' faulds me to his sabbin' breast
While big tears blin' his ee?
But ah! that vile enslavin' drink,
It hauds him like a spell,
An' when he thinks he's maist secure
He maist forgets himsel'.

MADGE.

Oh Tibbie! I had maist forgot
The news I cam' to tell,
I've been up at the Templar's Lodge
An' noo I'm ane mysel',
My name stan's yonder in their books,
They ca' me Sister Madge!
An' like the rest, they had me dress'd
In Templar's snawy badge.

An' oh, the guid that's bein' dune;
Losh, Tibbie! dae ye ken,
Puir daidlin' bodies by the score
They're makin' sober men?
An' wha kens what they micht no dae
To save thy faither dear,
But first ye'll come an' join yersel',
'Twas that that brocht me here.

TIBBIE.

Oh Madie! if thy tale be true
I winna yet despair

O' winnin' faither frae the drink,
An' to himsel' ance mair!
Oh, that to us were but restor'd
The happy days we spent,
Wi' mither in that humble hame
Sae fu' o' sweet content.

Aye, Madge, I'll gang wi' thee an' join,—
Wear ony kin' o' bib;
This nicht ye'll see me at the lodge
As sure's my name is Tib;
Sae ye'll be owre at aucht o'clock—
Be sure noo, Madge, an' ca',
For I'll be there, be't wat or fair,
The foremost o' them a'!

III.

TIBBIE AND HER FAITHER;

OR,

BE SURE AN' DOUK YOUR BANNOCK IN YOUR AIN KAIL PAT.

TIBBIE.

Ye're early hame the nicht, faither!
I hope there's naething wrang,
For ance ye're hame at sax o'clock,—
An' sober tae! my sang!
The pay-nicht, tae, the very nicht
Ye maist forget yersel',

An' me nae less, yer ain wee Tib —
Here sittin' by mysel'!
Oh, faither! wad ye but gie owre
That hatefu' barley-bree—
Forsake for aye the public-hoose
An' bide at hame wi' me,
The licht o' happiness wad shine
Ance mair upon our hearth,
An' mak' our hame, sae comfortless,
A paradise on earth.

FAITHER.

Aye, Tib, gude kens, ye speak the truth,
For weeks on weeks I've been
A black disgrace, an' thy warst foe,
Instead o' thy best frien';
An' things I've said an' dune, my lass,
Wad cost thee many a tear,—
Unhallow'd aiths an' wicked words
That bairns should never hear!
What's dune we canna mend, my lass,
But here am I this nicht
Resolv'd, wi' help o' heav'n, ance mair,
To try an' dae what's richt.
Thank God! my folly I've seen through—
The secret a' fan' oot,
But sit thee doon, an' hear my lass,
Hoo a' this cam' aboot.

'Twas jist the day, at dinner time,
I doun to Luckie Broon's,

Tae pay the lawin I was awn;
It cam' to three half-croons.
While stan'in' at her kitchen fire
In Kirsty comes full sail,
An' wi' the spurtle stirs aboot
Her fat an' savoury kail.
Thinks I, nae won'er than ye're fat—
Although I ne'er lets on,
But crack'd awa', while frae my pouch
I ate my dinner scone;
Sae, withoot thinkin' ony ill,
As we were on the chat,
I gied my piece a hearty dook
In Kirsty's muckle pat:

When in an instant up she flew
Like ony tap o' tow;
Her een like lowin' can'les bleez'd
On me wi' angry glow.
Ye drucken ne'er-do-weel! quo she,—
Ye guid-for-naething sot!
D'ye see, ye've spoilt my dinner kail!
Yer dirty scone deil rot!
It's weel for ye, oor Robin's oot;
My faith! an' he were in,
He'd thraw aboot yer ugly snout
An' reesle weel yer skin!
Yer touzie beard a' dreepin' wi'
My bonnie gowden fat,
Gae hame an' douk yer bannock
In yer *ain* kail pat!

TIBBIE.

A bonnie stock o' impudence
Her ledyship maun hae,
An' but for thee her kail wad be
Like muslin in the broo;
Nae won'er she sails in an' oot
In silken dresses fine—
Wears fancy bonnets on her heid
An' parasols divine!
Her sonsy sides weel theek'd wi' beef,
Her face as red's the mune,
Her fingers fat stuck owre wi' rings,
An' buckles in her shoon.
A drucken ne'er-do-weel, said she?
Weel, if it comes to that,
It's you an' ithers like ye
Keep up *her kail pat!*

FAITHER.

The very thing I said, my lass,
An' pay't what I was awin',
An' noo that I'm come hame to thee,
Here Tib, haud oot thy han'.
What's left ye'se get it, ilka groat,—
Five shillings mak's a croon,
An' there's a new half-sovereign'—
That's fifteen shillings doon',
A saxpence an' a fourpenny bit—

TIBBIE.

A threepenny, if ye please!—

FAITHER.

That's saxteen a' but tippence, Tib,
Wi' they twa broon bawbees;—
An' mony thanks to Kirsty Broon,
Her loss to me is gain,
She's brocht me to mysel', an' gi'en
A faither to my wean;
Henceforth I'll keep my ain fire-en',
Wi' Tibbie an' her cat,
An' learn to dook my bannock in
My ain kail pat!

TIBBIE.

But, faither dear! in a' the hoose
There's neither pat nor pan,
Nor delf, except a broken bowl,
Forbye a jelly can;
The auld black tea-pat wants the spout,
An' there's the han'less pail,
Sae, for my life! I dinna see
Hoo we're to mak' the kail!

FAITHER.

But we hae got the siller, lass!
Ha, Tibbie! that's the thing
Mak's peasant equal wi' the prince—
The beggar wi' the king.
We'll want for naething, Tibbie, lass,
As lang as we hae that,
An' first among the things we need,
We'll buy a new kail pat.

An' that reminds me, Tibbie, dear!
Hoo sair I've been to blame
In leavin' thee, puir helpless thing!
In sic a cheerless hame;
Nae ane to speak a kindly word,
Whiles naething left to eat,
An' scarce a rag upon thy back,
Or shoon upon thy feet!

TIBBIE.

Ay, faither, 'twas a weary time,
My grief nae tongue can tell,
An' aften hae I pray'd the Lord
To tak' me to himsel'!
An' aften on this lonely hearth
I've ask'd on bended knee
That God wad touch my faither's heart
An' sen' him hame to me!
An' God has heard my heartfelt prayer,
To me restor'd again
My faither's love—oh sweet reward
For a' my grief an' pain!
Then let me clasp thee to my heart
An' tell thee a' my bliss,
An' for a token o' the same
Accept a lovin' kiss!

IV.

WEE TIBBIE AND HER BIB.

A Dialogue.

[The scene represents the father sitting leaning on his staff, and his little daughter standing dressed in her regalia.]

FAITHER.

Weel, Tibbie, lass, whaur hae ye been?
Ye're buskit up fu' braw!
Sae blythe ye look, yer buffy cheeks
Like simmer roses blaw.
I kent yer fit upon the stair—
Yer han' upon the sneck,—
But whatna daft-like faldaral
Is that aboot yer neck?

TIBBIE.

A daft-like faldaral, faither!
It's naething o' the kin';
I wadna gie that snawy gear
For silken robe sae fine.
D'ye ken I've join'd the Templar ranks
Alang wi' cousin Madge;
They've listit, testit me for life,
An' that's oor bonnie badge!

FAITHER.

A badge, my bairn! ou aye, I see—
That's what they ca' the "bib"?

But dinna hing thy head, my lass;
Na, na, my darlin' Tib!
Although I like a drap mysel',
To keep my heart abune,
I dinna want my ain dear bairn
To dae as I hae dune.

No, Tibbie, since I'm growin' auld
An' creepin' to the grave,
I maun confess that to the drink
Owre lang I've been a slave.
It's caused me muckle, muckle woe,
An' aften dang me gyte;
An' what ye've suffered tae, my lass,
Is a' yer faither's wyte!

TIBBIE.

Whist, faither dear! nae mair o' that,
Let bye-gane deeds alane;
Ye're still a faither dear to me—
To me, yer darlin' wean.
[*Takes off her regalia and hides it behind her back.*
An' if ye dinna like the badge,
I'll pit it oot o' sicht;
But I maun keep my vow, faither—
The vow I made this nicht.

An' I maun keep my Templar badge
Aye spotless, white, an' pure,
For thy ain sake, for my ain sake,
While life an' strength endure.

'Twas gi'en me by the president—
He put it roun' my neck,
An' bade me in God's name preserve
My soul frae spot or spec.

FAITHER.

O Tib! an' I were young again—
A pure young thing like thee,
I'd face the foe mysel' an' fecht
For freedom an' the free.
Sae wear thy Templar's bib, my lass—
Thy bonnie badge I mean;
For weel I ken through life ye'll try
To keep it pure an' clean.

TIBBIE.

Thanks, faither! thanks! ye've made me glad
Far mair than I can tell—
I'll wear't wi' pride;—but, faither,
Let me see't upon thysel'!
Here, let me pit it owre thy neck—
[*Clothes him with her regalia.*]
My sang, but ye look braw!
Haud up yer head!—a blyther sicht
I'm sure I never saw.

FAITHER.

Tibbie, my lass! an' I but thocht
The blessed Lord abune
Wad lend his aid to crush the foe,
This nicht I wad begin!

Wi' thee my angel guardian
To lead me bravely on,
An' God to help an' haud me up,
The battle micht be won!

TIBBIE.

Be won! dear faither—what for no'?
God hears us when we cry!
'Tis He pits sic thochts in oor hearts,
'Tis He that bids us try;
Tis He the blessed angels sen's
To set the prisoners free;
Then, faither, be thysel' ance mair,
An' God will succour thee!

FAITHER.

Amen! my lassie, may His love
Still twine aroun' us twa!
Still kindly lead us by the han',
An' tent us should we fa'!
The best o' us are feckless bairns,
An' need a Faither's care,
The bravest need that Faither's help
Temptations strong to bear!

[*Takes off the regalia and puts it on Tibbie.*]

Sae, Tibbie, lass, tak' back thy badge,
It fits thee to a tee;
Nor could it grace a better, fairer,
Sweeter lass than thee!
An' tell the Templar folks to hae
A badge for me prepared,

For I'll be up on Monday nicht
To join, if I be spared.

TIBBIE.

O faither, but ye've made me glad—
Wi' joy I maist could greet;
To see ye wear the bib yersel'
Will surely be a treat!
The Templar folks will a' be glad
An' proud to see ye there;
An' since ye've promised, here's a kiss
To mak' the bargain sure.

V.

TIBBIE'S WELCOME.

TIBBIE.

Oh, faither! are ye hame at last?
Come ben an' tell me a'
Aboot the lodge; lay by yer staff—
Daud frae yer feet the snaw.
I ne'er saw you look half sae weel—
Ye're younger, I declare!
But, losh! yer han's are freezin' cauld—
Let me draw in yer chair.

Ye see I've on a rousin' fire;
Tak' aff yer cauld, wat shoon,

An' warm yer taes; I'll ripe the ribs
Afore that ye begin.
But say, are ye a Templar noo?—
[*Here the father lays open his coat, displaying the regalia.*]
O ho! ye've on the bib!
The thing ye ca'd a faldaral,
An' vext yer ain wee Tib.

FAITHER.

Tibbie, my lass, I've dune the job!
To drink I've bade fareweel;
Noo, a' my penny siller, Tib,
Maun gang for milk an' meal,
An' mony needfu' things besides—
New claes to busk us braw;
We'll cock oor beavers, Tibbie, yet,
The vogiest o' them a'!

O, Tibbie, but the Templar folks
Hae made me blythe this nicht—
The glow o' joy that warms my heart
Tells me they're in the richt;
Their solemn words, the heartfelt prayer,
Kind faces gather'd roun';
In spite o' a' that I could dae,
The tears cam' happin' doon!

TIBBIE.

Ye'd aye a feelin' heart, faither,
Yet aye yer ain warst frien',

But oh I'm glad that noo ye'll come
  Straught hame to me at e'en.
An' when the pay comes roun', faither,
  Ye'll gie me a' ye hae,
An' I'll lay't oot wi' a' my skill,
  As mither used to dae.

There's first oor meat, an' then oor claes,
  The rest for stane an' lime—
The rent, I mean—an' then, ye ken,
  I'll hae yer "over-time."
We want a nock to tell the hours,
  A carpet for the flair;
But first o' a' to you I'll buy
  An auld man's easy-chair.

FAITHER.

An' auld man's easy-chair, Tibbie!
  I thocht I heard ye say
That I was growin' young again?
  What though my locks be grey,
I'm still a laddie at the heart—
  This nicht my youthfu' days
Come back to mind—the burnie's sang,
  The birds, the flowery braes.

When simmer comes ance mair, my lass,
  An' bonnie flowerets wave,
Ye'll see me yonder at Dumbreck,
  Oot daffin' wi' the lave.

I won'er if I'll ken mysel',
Sae chang'd will be my life?
Na, wha kens, but some day I micht
Bring hame a braw young wife!

TIBBIE.

Sic daft-like things ye say, faither,
Ye're growin' craz'd, I fear.
Na, na! we want nae women folks,
Nae cankert stepies here;
I'll keep the hoose mysel'—a wife!
To rage an' flyte on me—
To waste yer gear, an' break yer heart—
A bonnie hame 'twad be!

Whaur will ye get a wife like me,
Sae thrifty an' sae gair—
To hain yer siller, snod the hoose,
To wash, an' scrub the flair—
To brush yer shoon an' bake yer bread,
An' a' things safely keep—
An' pray for ye, on bended knee,
Afore I fa' asleep?

FAITHER.

Tibbie, my lass! 'twas a' in fun;
Ye hae nae cause to fear;
In life, or death, can I forget
Thy sainted mither dear?
That patient angel isna deid—
I see her in thy face—

In ilka movement, look, an' smile,
Her semblance I can trace.

Aye, Tibbie! thou shalt keep my hoose,
Be mistress o't thysel';
See there's the key, an' here's my purse,
What's in't I canna tell.
I'll toil for thee, thou'lt care for me,
An' rin wi' eager feet,
To welcome me when I come hame
Wi' smiles an' kisses sweet.

TIBBIE.

Thanks, faither, spoken like thysel'!
My heart is licht ance mair;
God bless an' keep thee frae a' ill—
Frae drink's deceitfu' snare;
A blyther day I couldna hae
Through a' my life than this,
Ye hae baith promis'd an' perform'd,
Sae weel deserve a kiss.

VI.

TIBBIE AND THE MINISTER.

MINISTER.

Well, Tibbie, how do you do? I am so glad
To see thee look so well, so nicely clad!
And how are all at home? Thy father well?

TIBBIE.

A' weel, I thank ye! hoo are ye yersel'?

MINISTER.

Right well, my lassie! I'm just on my way
To visit a poor father, gone astray!
And by the way, *your* father? ah, that drop!
Poor man! a wreck, I'm told, and past all hope!

TIBBIE.

My faither past a' hope, sir! what dae ye mean?
That shows hoo great a stranger ye hae been.
A wreck, said ye? he's naething o' the kin',
But daein' weel, an' happy in his min';
Wi' me he noo spen's a' his leisure hours
At hame, or in the wuds amang the flowers;
Thanks to the men wha drew him frae drink's flood,
He's noo teetotal an' a Templar guid!

MINISTER.

I beg your pardon, dear, perhaps in this—
Your father's case, I've been somewhat remiss,
The fact is, I've such racing up and down—
My flock are scatter'd over half the town.
He's join'd the Templars? well, that's so far good;
But bibs and banners, child, are not the food
Men's souls require; the gospel, that alone
Is the soul's manna, all else is but stone!

TIBBIE.

An' what's the gospel, sir? but God's guid will,
The blessed tidings that He lo'es us still!

Sae fain to win oor hearts, at ony cost,
He sent his Son to seek an' save the lost.
An' we nae less oor lives should freely spen'
To raise the fa'n amang oor fellow men.
Sic is the gospel oor guid Templars teach,
An' mair nor that, they practise what they preach!

MINISTER.

Why comes he not to church then, Tibbie, dear?—
I mean, your father, whom for many a year,
I've striven to reform and lead to heaven,
While many a sound advice to him I've given.

TIBBIE.

Weel, sir, I dinna ken aboot yer ways,
But I'll jist tell ye what my faither says;
He says that ministers are only men,
Like ithers, maist their thocht is hoo to fen;
'Gainst mammon's godless greed they preach 'tis true,
While tae the gowden calf themsel's they boo;
That drink's a fearfu' curse, nae doot they tell,
Yet tak' their toddy ilka nicht themsel'.

MINISTER.

And what more does he say? go on, my dear!
I'll hear thee out with patience, never fear;
Although, no doubt, thy words are rather plain,
From them, who knows, some wisdom I may gain.

TIBBIE.

Weel, sir, he says, yon parable was gran',
Oor Saviour spak' langsyne, aboot the man,

Wha wounded lay half deid upon the road,
When by there cam' a stately man o' God,
Wha though he saw a brither wounded lie
Instead o' helpin' him, gaed stavin' by;
An' syne cam' by a Levite, fu' o' pride
Wha lampit by upon the ither side.

The next cam' yont was jist a common man,
Wha took his helpless brither by the han',
Syne lifted him upon his cuddie's back,
Bound up his sairs, an' led him in a crack
Alang the road till ance they reach'd an inn,—
Yet even then, awa' he didna rin,
Lea'in' the puir man like a knotless thread,
But gied his a' to ser' him in his need.

Noo, sir, that's jist what oor guid Templars dae
For them wha wounded lie on Life's highway;
To help, an' haud them up their best they try
While ministers an' sic like pass them by.
Nae doot, there are exceptions, ane by ane,
The men o' worth to us are comin' in,—
But sir, I hope ye're no' ill-pleased wi' me
For tellin' ye what ithers say o' ye?

MINISTER.

Ill pleas'd, my child? ah no, thy tale's too true!
Thy faithful words have pierc'd my conscience through;
Too long like cowards we have lagged behind
In freedom's conflict, fought for human kind!
We men of God, should be the first to trample
Down human wrong by setting the example!

Thy hand, my child! and tell thy father dear,
Of me a good report he soon shall hear,
His words through thee, I trust shall put me right;
God bless thee, Tibbie dear! good night!

TIBBIE.

Good night!

VII.

TIBBIE AND HER UNCLE.

UNCLE.

Here, Tib, I want to speak to thee,—
Draw in the cutty stool—
I hear ye've join'd the Templar folks,
Jist like some ither fuil!
I used to think my ain wee niece
A sensible bit lass,
But och, it seems I'm far mista'en—
Yer jist a silly ass!

Is that the dishclout roun' yer neck?
[*Tibbie starts to her feet.*]
Dinna be angry Tib!
A what? regalia, is't ye ca't?
A Templar's slav'ry bib!
It's neither dress nor ornament,
It's sic a daft-like shape,
My patience! I wad jist as soon
Pit on a gallows-rape!

TIBBIE.

Weel, uncle dear, it's possible,
Ye micht pit on some day
The hangman's bib, ye're no' the first
The drink has sent that way.
But guid forbid that frien' o' mine
Should get sae in his power,—
But keep yer han's aff, if ye like,
Nor stain that symbol pure!

The sacred sign o' innocence,
Sobriety an' truth,
That lend a glory to auld age—
A charm to smilin' youth.
That gowden badge upon thy breist,
Compar'd wi' mine, is trash,
A shinin' toy to tell the warl',
Ye hae a pickle cash!

UNCLE.

Heth, ye've a raucle tongue, my lass!
Behint thae twa sweet lips;
But what aboot yer secret ploys,
Yer pass-words, signs, an' grips?
Ye sit wi' double-lockit doors
Frae aucht o'clock till ten,
An' what ye dae, an' what ye say,
Yer ain sel's only ken.

Nor only men, but women folks,
Gang sailin' in in pairs,—

Far better they wad bide at hame
An' mind their hoose affairs!
There, lads an' lasses, by the score
Meet 'neath the cloud o' nicht,
An' I'm no sure if what they dae
Wad stan' the mornin's licht!

TIBBIE.

Ill-daers are ill-dreaders, aye;
I'll say't though ye're a frien'—
Auld bachelors like you, bide aye
The latest oot at e'en.
Oor Templar lassies yet will prove
The pattern o' wives,
An' if ye want to see the proof,
Behold it in oor lives!

As for oor pass-words, signs, an' grips,
They're things we canna want,
As lang as honest, upricht men
Are in the warl' sae scant.
We want nae wolves within oor fauld
Oor solemn rites to view,
Sae double lock an' bar oor doors
To keep oot rogues like you!

UNCLE.

Jist save yersel's the trouble, Tib,
Ye'll never see me there,
Yer solemn rites an' life-lang vows
For them wha need them, spare;

Auld Scotlan' ne'er will let ye spaen
Her sons frae barley-bree,
Thank guidness! I can tak' the drink,
Or let the drink a be.

Yet that I e'er gaed stoitin' hame
Nae human tongue can tell,
No, Tibbie! for I've aye the sense
To templarise mysel'.
They're fuils wha drink till they get fou,
As great fuils wha abstain,
The wisest man is he that can
Baith tak' an' let alane.

TIBBIE.

The fuil's aye wise in his ain een,
Blawn up wi' sheer concait,—
But uncle! dae ye min' the nicht
Ye cam' hame rather late?
Nae doot ye war 'mang sober folk,
An' cam' hame like a judge—
A pattern o' sobriety;
Though no' frae Templar lodge.

Weel, here's a sample o' the sicht
Next morn that met my een,
When I gaed ben intae yer room
To snod an' mak' it clean.
There, on the table stood yer boots,
Yer hat upon the flair;
Yer umbrella in the bed
A' happit up wi' care.

Yer socks were in yer trousers' pouch,
Yer watch upon the tray,
While shillin's, saxpences, an' croons
A owre the carpet lay.
Yer pipe lay broken a' to bits
The clean hearth-stane upon;
While on the rug the can'le lay
A' trampit braid's a scone.

An' when I han't ye owre a drink
To weet yer lips sae dry,
To my surprise, ye still had on
Yer collar an' yer tie!
An' when I socht yer big-coat pouch
For something ye had brung,
I fand instead,—aye, ye may glowr!—
A fashionable chignon.

UNCLE.

Weel, Tibbie, ye're an awfu' wean,
E'en frien's ye dinna spare,
An' after a' that's dune an' said,
The wisest need tak' care!
The chiel maun be nae dult, my lass,
That pouks a craw wi' thee;
Or dreid the lash o' that wee tongue
That's fa'n sae foul on me.

Ye've stood yer grun' like ony rock,
Thy badge is stainless still,
'Gainst facts, thae "chiels that winna ding"
A' arguments are nil.

Sae, Tibbie lass, I maun confess
  Yours is the better plan,
The man that never tastes ava
  Is still the *wisest* man.

VIII.

GRAN'FATHER IN THE PUIR'S-HOOSE.

KATIE.

[*With a small basket on her arm.*]

Weel, gran'father, hoo are ye? An'
  Ye're sittin' a' yer lane!
Wi' naebody to speak to ye—
  No e'en a toddlin' wean!
Is this what's ca'd a puir's-hoose? Then
  A sad hoose it maun be
To puir auld folk—at least, I ken
  It wad be sae tae me.
A muckle dungeon o' a place,
  Wi' wa's sae blank an' bare;
Nae kettle singin' on the hob,
  Nor e'en a stool or chair.
Nae pats nor pans, nae bowls nor spoons;
  Nae clear things on the wa',
Nor bellows tae blaw up the fire—
  It's no a hoose ava!

GRAN'FATHER.

I'm gled to see ye, Katie, lass;
Here sit ye doon by me.
An' hoo are a' the folks at hame?
Wee Tammy, hoo is he?
An' tell me, is your mither weel?—
My ain kin' Bessy, dear!
'Twas kin' o' her to let ye come—
She's far owre kin', I fear.
But, weel I wat, the puir's-hoose is
Nae better than it's ca'd;
An' yet, Guid kens, it micht be waur—
Ane canna say it's bad.
We get oor kail, oor duds o' claes,
Oor parritch, an' oor breid;
An' a hole aneath the grun', my lass,
To lay us when we're deid!

KATIE.

Wheesht, gran'father, I dinna like
To hear sic waesome words;
D'ye ken, the ither day, I heard
The liltin' o' the birds
In yonder wud beside the burn,
Whaur aften ye've ta'en me
To pu' the primrose on its banks,
An' daisies on the lea.
But though the birds sang bonnily,
My heart was sad an' sair;
For the burn seem'd sabbin' tae itsel'
To think ye werena there;

An' mither, wha was wi' me, could
  Dae nocht but sit an' greet.
She says an' ye were but at hame,
  Oor bliss wad be complete!

GRAN'FATHER.

Ah, Katie, lass, ye're but a bairn,
  An' dinna un'erstan'
The mony ups an' doons o' life—
  Your day's but in its dawn.
I've had my day—it's a' but spent—
  Its prime I flang awa';
Noo I maun bear the brunt, my lass,
  What'er should me befa'.
The siller that thae han's hae earn't,
  As fast I gart it flee,
Till I became a worthless wicht—
  The slave o' barley bree.
Sae noo I maun submit, my lass;
  Frae fate we canna swerve—
It's unco little noo I need,
  An' far less I deserve.

KATIE.

But, gran'father, it's no like hame—
  That hame whaur ance ye sat,
Till that sad day the letter cam'—
  Puir mither! hoo she grat.
For we were a' sae helpless left—
  Puir orphans, Tam an' me;

Yet saddest thocht o' a' to her—
What was to come o' thee?
But noo she's warsell'd past the warst,
She keeps the hoose an' mair;
Yet a' her thrift nae pleasure brings
Since ye're no there to share.
We brawly ken what keeps ye here—
Ye mauna think me rude
If I come owre her very words—
She says yer speerit's prood.

GRAN'FATHER.

Prood! lassie mine; I've seen the day
Yer words micht hae been true;
This speerit, though a prood ane ance,
Is broken, broken, noo!
It's no for puir auld bodies, Kate,
To harbour senseless pride;
It's no for Independence in
A puir's-hoose to abide!
The lessons I hae gather'd here
Wad tak' a mune to tell;
An' 'mang the lave this hae I learn'd—
I'm but a bairn mysel':
That there's a Faither owre us a'
Still watches us wi' care,
Wha fits the burden to the back,
An' gies us strength to bear!

KATIE. [*Uncovering her basket.*]

Wheesht! dad, an' dinna vex thysel'—
See what I've brocht to thee:

A can o' jam, twa Lunon buns,
Some sugar an' some tea;
Auld folk like you need something guid,
Coorse meat but fills the wame,
But ah! there's nocht ye wadna get
An' ye wad but come hame!
Yer chair stan's waitin' by the fire
In its cosy nook sae warm,
Yer slippers I laid by mysel'
To keep them safe frae harm.
Wee Tamie thinks ye're comin' hame—
Yestreen he spier'd at me,
If gran'father wad be his horse
An' let him ride his knee.

GRAN'FATHER.

I'm gled to think he's like thysel',
As lovin' an' as kind—
But dainties sic as thae, my lass,
For me ye needna mind;
Auld folks like me maun learn to be
Content wi' plainer stuff,—
But stay! there's something here, I'll tak',
A pickle Taddy's snuff.

[*Takes a pinch.*]

Thy mither, Kate, wad work an' wear
Her fingers to the banes,
To mak' me richt, aye, even stint
Hersel' an' bits o' weans;
Sae to your mither toddle hame,
To her a comfort be,

An' leave the auld man to himsel',
Alane to live or dee!

KATIE.

Ah, yes! to dee, some cauld dark nicht,
Wi' naebody at han'
To read the looks that lovin' hearts
Alane can un'erstan';
Nae woman's lips to whisper love,
An' kiss thy icy broo—
But what is that I see? A tear!
I ken I'll conquer noo!

GRAN'FATHER.

Ah, winsome Kate! though but a bairn,
Ye hae a woman's heart.
Yes, dearie! I'll gang hame wi' thee,
Nae mair again to part.
Thank God! there's this to soothe my briest—
In puirtith there's nae shame.
I'll gang wi' thee, were't but to dee
'Mang lovin' hearts at hame.

THE PRODIGAL FAITHER.

ANNIE.

O FAITHER what's come owre ye noo,
Oot wanderin' here yer lane!
When wild an' wintry blaws the blast,
An' weetin' fa's the rain.

We've socht ye oot, we've socht ye in,
Through a' this dismal day;
'Twas early morn when ye gaed oot,
An' noo it's gloamin' grey;
We wonert when we heard ye rise,
An' gang sae early oot;
We saw the dark cloud on yer broo',
Yer face as white's a clout.
Puir mither! she's in sic a state,
An' Nellie lyin' ill;
Wha, puir wee thing! greets sair for ye,
In bed she'll no lie still.

FAITHER.

Oh! Annie, haste ye hame again,
An' lea' me to mysel',
To hurry headlong to the pit,
Drawn by some demon spell.
I've done my best to blast my bairns,
An' break their mither's heart,
But noo it's a' come to an en',
Sae Annie, let us pairt!
Oh, Annie, dear, may Heaven forfend
That ye should ever be
A thing sae vile, sae lost, accurst—
A drucken waif like me;
The slave o' drink—that cursed drink—
The cause o' ilka ill;
An' yet, guid kens, I'd gie the worl'
To get ae ither gill.

ANNIE.

Then, faither, lea' the cursed drink—
  Resolve to taste nae mair;
An' things will a' gae richt, ye'll see;
  We'll siller hae to ware.
An' puir wee sister yet, wha kens,
  To us may be restor'd;
An' health an' happiness ance mair—
  Smile on us frae the Lord.

FAITHER.

I'm deein' for the want o't, lass—
  I feel the mad desire
Ragin' within this briest o' mine,
  Like red devourin' fire;
Will nae ane tak' this tortur'd life—
  Tak' pity upon me—
An' heave me headlong frae some rock,
  Or droon me in the sea?

ANNIE.

Oh, faither, dinna speak sic words,
  Nor fling thy life awa;
Me an' the lave wad break oor hearts,
  An' mither maist o' a'.
Far rather wad I dee mysel',
  If that wad set ye free;
Then tak' me—kill me, if ye like,
  For I'm no feart to dee.

FAITHER.

Oh, Annie! angel o' my life!
My ain brave-hearted bairn;
Sic love, so pure, sae undeserv'd,
Wad melt a heart o' airn.
Oh, Heaven, but hear me promise this:
If Thou my life shalt spare,
The cursed drink, whate'er betide,
Shall cross my lips nae mair.
I'll ne'er again, while life shall last,
Forsake the hame I lo'e;
An' ne'er again a traitor prove
To hearts sae tried an' true;
An' never mair shall tears for me
Adoon thae wee cheeks fa',
For I will dae my best to be
A blessin' to ye a'.

ANNIE.

Oh keep that promise, faither dear,
An' ask the help o' God,
Wha hears the cry o' contrite hearts
High in his blest abode.
In Him, wha in his airms langsyne,
Took up wee bairns like me,
Pit lovin' trust, an' ask His help,
Wha help alane can gie.
D'ye mind the tale he tauld, faither,
Aboot the ne'er-do-weel

Whause faither's heart endured the pangs
That only love can feel;
An' when the Prodigal cam' back,
He made a joyous feast,
Forgie'd him a' that he had dune,
An' clapt him to his briest.

FAITHER.

Oh precious words! oh matchless love!
That same I see in thee!
Come to my airms my ain true heart,
My guardian angel be!
God gie me health an' strength to keep
Frae drink's accursed snare,
An' to His holy name be given
Praise, glory evermair!

TIBBIE AND LIZZIE.

OR THE PUIR'S-HOOSE LASSIE.

LIZZIE.

See yon puir wee lassie, on the pavement a' her lane,
Keekin' at the windows wi' sic a wistfu' ee!
There's nae fun nor daffin' in the heart o' that wean,
But something in her face, Tib, that sadly vexes me!
Glow'rin' at the sign-brods heedless o' the thrang,
Stan'in' an' starin' at ilka thing she sees,
Her wee legs sae weary! she scarce can wag alang
While we on the pavement are playin' at oor ease.

TIBBIE.

Dae ye no' see by the short clippit hair,
She's some ane frae the puir's-hoose, she wears a dairy frock?
Shoon an' stockin's on her feet, while oors Liz, are bare,
She's far better aff than the weans o' workin' folk.
Sure o' her meals aye, an' keepit tosh an' clean,
Gets milk to her parritch tae, when we hae to want,
A clean cozie bed aye to gang to at e'en,
But no' like us, supperless, when bawbees are scant.

LIZZIE.

Ah, but the puir's-hoose can ne'er be like hame!
Tak' frae us oor mithers, Tib, an' whaur wad we be?
To her, I weel believe, gin ye breath'd that sacred name,
Ye'd see the big unbidden tear row doon frae her ee.
Though at orra times, Tib, oor meals be but spare,
We've still a faither's hoose to gae hame to at e'en,
A mither waitin' for us, wi' a mither's lovin' care
To fauld us to her bosom, an' spier whaur we've been.

TIBBIE.

The weans in the puir's-hoose hae within its wa's,
A warl' o' their ain whaur they gambol an' play;
They dinna care a preen for a skelp wi' the tawse,
But fu' o' pranks an' mischief, I hear my faither say.
They get to the kirk, Liz—a place we ne'er see,—
Though maybe no' like some folk, to sport their braw claes—

Guid schulin' tae they get, Liz, no' like you an' me,
An' puir folk hae to pay for't, my faither aften says.

LIZZIE.

Ah, dinna envy her, Tib, we're better aff oorsel's,
Dancin' on the pavement, blythesome an' gay;
Awa oot in the wuds we can gather the blue bells,
Though in the kirk, on Sunday, we mayna sing or pray.
To her a blessed boon it wad be, I dinna doot
Ae sicht o' the green wuds an' lammies on the lea,
No' ance in a year dae the puir things get oot,
A daisy or a primrose their een never see.

TIBBIE.

Aweel, after a' Liz, I'm wae for the wean—
Still at yon window, but what sees she there?
Dolls an' sic like ferlies, picture books—ah fain
Wad she gae in to buy them, had she ocht to wair.
I'll tell ye what we'll dae, Liz, ye hae a bawbee,
An' I hae the penny yet, I gat frae uncle Shaw;
We'll slip them in her wee han' a gift frae you an' me,
Breathe in her lug a kindly word, syne fast we'll rin awa'.

LIZZIE.

Spoken like thysel' Tib, my heart's in a glow
To see that lovin' tear in that dark ee o' thine;
Mair precious in God's sicht is the heart's lovin' lowe,
Than a' the siller in the bank, or diamonds in the mine!

THE AULD-FARRANT WEAN.

I won'er to hear folk! losh, what dae they mean?
They pester an' plague me frae mornin' to e'en,
No a word can I speak, be it ever sae plain,
But they giggle an' say, I'm an auld-farrant wean!

What's ancient aboot me? I'm jist like the lave,
As couthie an' clever, as weel I behave;
Nae doot there's queer thochts whiles comes into my brain,
But that's no to say I'm an auld-farrant wean!

I'll no say I'm bonnie, I ken I'm but wee,
But guid gear's row'd up in wee bundles, ye see;
Like ithers, I hae jist a way o' my ain,
A bit temper forbye, but we'll let that alane.

Jist spier at my mither hoo weel I can work,
At cleanin' an' scourin' I'm jist a wee Turk,
Though I blacken my face whiles as weel as the stane,
But that's no to say I'm an auld-farrant wean!

The cradle I rock while my lessons I learn,
I brush faither's buits an' I sing to the bairn;
I prig doon the butcher the siller to hain,
Is't that gars folk ca' me an auld-farrant wean?

Ye'll min' I'm no sleepin', though whiles I may wink;
Though my tongue may be still, I hae aye my ain think.

The lads an' the lassies, when courtin' fu' fain,
Should min' in the hoose there's an auld-farrant wean!

Fu' brawly I ken wha oor Jeanie likes best,
E'en Aggie hersel's keekin' oot o' the nest;
She thinks nae ane kens, but she's sadly mista'en,
But that's no to say I'm an auld-farrant wean!

Oor minister cam' in to see us ae day,
To hear us oor questions an' say his bit say;
Quo I, if ye please, sir, wha was Mrs. Cain?
Quo he, Siccan subjects are no for a wean.

When he spier'd me the date when oor first parents fell,
Quo I, Maister Kuirk, dae ye ken it yersel'?
Then he gaed me a glow'r that a cuddie micht spaen,
As muckle's to say, Ye're a droll kin' o' wean!

Oor dominie, tae, thinks he's king o' his craft,
Though he lounders the weans like a body gane daft;
To me—for a won'er—he ne'er lifts the cane,
But he nichers an' says I'm an auld-farrant wean!

Ae day a droll question at me he did spier—
What made the days shorter when winter drew near?
Quo I, it maun be they wauk in wi' the rain,
Then he leuch an' he says, Ye're a deil o' a wean!

There's auld faither Fernie, clean gyte aboot flowers,
Aboot fossils and ferns he will blether for hours,

He'll trace ye oot leaves in the heart o' a stane,
Ye micht as weel say *he's* an auld-farrant wean!

He's a queer kin' o' bodie, yet weel he lo'es me,
An' says I'm to him like the dew to the lea;
I've an auld heid, he says, maist as auld as his ain,
Nae won'er they ca' me an auld-farrant wean!

But say what they like, I'm no carin' a preen,
I'll gang my ain gate, an' jist be what I've been;
As lang as they daut me an' dinna complain,
They're welcome to ca' me an auld-farrant wean.

AN' I WERE ANCE BUT SEVENTEEN.

A NEW LILT FRAE THE AULD-FARRANT WEAN.

It's an unco worl' noo a-days;
Sic on-gauns I hae seen mysel'—
Clean tapselteerie, mither says,
An' she's a sharp ane, min' I tell!
There's my wee gilpy cousin Kate,
Gangs courtin' wi' the lads at e'en;
She's no like me, for I'll jist wait
Till ance I'm big an' seventeen.

Wee smouts that should be buskin dolls,
Thrang cockin' up their nebs to men;
Far liker they were darnin' holes
Or snodin up their ain fire-en'.

It's no to hae a bonnie face,
It's no in dress, though e'er sae bien,
It's maiden modesty an' grace
That lends the charm to seventeen.

The laddies, tae, think they are men
As soon's they learn to smoke an' swear,
Bide oot at nichts till after ten
An' keep the auld folks hearts in fear.
Forbye, a lass ilk ane maun hae,—
Big strappin hizzies like oor Jean;
Pretendin' they've moustaches tae—
Aye, lang afore they're seventeen!

There's cousin Will, the silly ass,
Ae day he's scriblin' at a letter;
D'ye ken, quo he, it's to my lass?
Quo I, a scone wad ser' ye better.
Sic coofs should first learn hoo to read
An' scart their parritch cogs at e'en.
My sang! frae me they'll get a screed
An' I were ance but seventeen!

Puir things, they're no the-maist to blame,
The glaiket hizzies them encourage;
Lassies should learn to guide a hame,
Afore they talk o' love an' marriage.
I fash my heid wi' nae sic things—
For lads I dinna care a preen,
It's time enough to spread my wings
When ance I'm big an' seventeen!

It's alter'd times, my mither says,
Sin' she was but a gilpy lassie,
A jupe an' coat were her braw claes,
Instead o' silks to soop the causey.
Nae panniers like cuddie creels
Roun' lassies' henches then were seen;
Nor leather stilts aneath their heels
To mak' them look like seventeen.

Their gouns were made baith side an' wide—
But didna stan' oot like balloons;
Their hair in ringlets wav'd wi' pride,
An' no like haystacks on their croons.
Nae veils to hide their faces fair,
An' quench the blythe blink o' their een:
The maiden blush that's noo sae rare
Was common then at seventeen.

Guid lassies, then, aye thocht it best
To plenish first, an' mak' things cozie;
Wee birds, ye ken, first big the nest
Afore they cuddle in the bosie!
An' jist like wee birds in the wuds
Young lassies should bide in at e'en—
Fa' tae an' mak' or men' their duds,—
At least, till they are seventeen.

An' like wee birds, young married folk
Are sure to hae wee rosy buddies;
But first, o' claes I'd hae a stock,
An' no hae them gaun bare like scuddies.

To see them todlin' roun' my chair
An' me amang them like a queen,
Their faither's blythe fit on the stair—
It's a long time yet till seventeen!

Oh happy times, when beards were shav'd,
An' folk a' leev'd a happy life;
When ilka man was weel behav'd
An' socht aye for a virtuous wife.
But noo, alas! it's drink an' spen',
An' spen' an' drink wi' foe an' frien';
I'd snap my fingers at sic men
An' I were ance but seventeen!

For I'm a Templar staunch an' true,
Ye'll see that by the badge I wear,
There's nocht I wadna warsle through
To keep unstain'd that symbol dear!
Awa' wi' lads that lo'e strong drink!
Awa' wi' a' that's base an' mean;
Frae me they wadna win ae blink
Though I this nicht were seventeen!

THE WEE LADDIE'S FIRST SOIREE.

Hurrah! mither, yon's the soiree!
Sic lashins o' cookies an' tea,
Sich lauchin' an' daffin' an' a' for half naething;
My! yon's the guid bargains for me.

An' the weans, mither, made sic a din,
They were a' in sic haste to begin;
Baith laddies an' lassies in Sabbath-day dresses,
Sic crushin', ye scarce could get in.

First, the stewards cam' ben in a flock
An' han't each a big paper pock,
A' sae nicely row'd up, by the side o' ilk cup
They laid them, but ne'er a word spoke.

Weel, I open'd mine oot wi' great care,
Jist to tak' a bit keek, an' nae mair;
An' there sic a touroc o' guid things to glow'r at!
Ye winna guess, mither, I'm sure!

First, there was a fat London bun,
Twa biscuits new frae Gray an' Dunn,
A shinin' roun' cookie, forbye a wee nickie,
Were into 't, as sure as a gun!

Some greedy ane's tried to get twa,
While some fell to hand an' to draw
An' ding the pocks, but when I look'd roun',
My ain yin was aff an' awa!

Sae wi' naething afore me to eat,
I felt jist as if I could greet,
When a kindly wee queen wi' twa bonnie blue een
Rax'd owre wi' a smile oh sae sweet!—

Sayin', "hae laddie, there's half o' mine,"—
Oh it's guid to be couthy an' kin'!

But I jist took a bake, to eat for her sake,—
It wasna' for greed, ye'll keep min'!

Noo, a ser'er come roun' in my need
An' he gi'es me some biscuits an' bread,
Sayin', "Min' ye be smart an' tak' yer ain part,
Or they'll steal the twa lugs frae your heid!"

Syne, the Chairman stan's up 'mang them a'
An' he says, "On the Lord let us ca'"
While sae solemn his face, as he said the lang grace
Owre the hoose ye micht heard a preen fa'.

Ance mair we're a' shoutin' wi' glee
As the stewards cam' in wi' the tea;
Guid measure we get, an' it's real pipin' het,
Jist a wee thocht owre muckle for me.

Jock Gentles, wha sat by my side,
Till the tea grew mair cuil wadna bide,
Sae he at it like fung an' he scadit his tongue,
Till wi' pain an' vexation he cried.

Ye ken, mither, wee Aggie Dunn?
Weel, to hers she had hardly begun,
When slie Archie Hogg gied her elbow a jog
An' doun gaed her cup to the grun'.

Syne up Aggie springs wi' a jump,
An' cam' against me sic a thump,

Gart the tea pipin'-het, jaup oot o' my flet
An' splash owre wee Pate wi' the hump.

Sic a rackit they made, ane an' a'
As the dishes were clearin' awa',
The lassies they tattled, the laddies they rattled,
While ane like a cock tried to craw.

Syne the laddies their toom pocks they blew
Till black in the face ilk ane grew,
Sic loud shots they gied, jist like pouther an' lead,
Ye'd thocht ye were at Waterloo.

"Silence!" cried the Chairman, "less din!
Dae ye think it's a bedlam we're in?
If ye dinna be quate, an' sit still on your seat,
O' sweeties ye shanna get ane!"

My sang but that soon made them douce!
For ilk ane grew as quate as a mouse,
Then the singin' began, an' losh me, it was gran'!
An' we cheer'd like to bring doun the hoose.

Maister Simpson, in his funny way—
That's the man wi' the whiskers sae grey—
Sic queer stories tauld, gart sae lauch young an' auld,
Ye micht tied us a' up wi' a strae.

An' Nicholson, though he's nae youth—
That's the man wi' the hair roun' his mouth—

Seem'd quite in his glory while tellin' the story
O' Tam wi' the sugary tooth.

The singers, hoo sweetly they sang
While loud the piano did bang!
An' we ruff'd an' we roar'd, an' cheer'd an' encor'd,
Till the nicht wi' oor glad voices rang.

Ae minister gied us a speech,
That was dry as the leaves on the beech,
As lang as a tether, some said 'twas a blether—
Folk shouldna gae there for to preach.

But, mither, see here what I've got—
Buns, oranges, bakes, sic a lot!—
For Mattie an' Mary, an' Gracie an' Cary,
An' baby, though sic a wee tot.

Noo, mither, that's something for you;
An' wee totie, here's a wee hue
O' raisins—ae sweetie; dear me! it's a pity
Oor pouches they didna fill fou.

But, mither, dae ye no think wi' me
That the kirk-folks micht somehoo agree,
To gie us a feast, ance a week at the least,
Wi' lashins o' cookies an' tea?

What! ye say I'm a haveral wean,
That the cookies hae gaen to my brain!
Na, na; but I'm sleepy, sae I'll aff to my creepie,
An' dream the thing a' owre again.

THE HAMELESS LADDIE.

"He's a puir, wee, hameless laddie!" that's what they
say o' me,
They wha hae kind love in their hearts, saft pity in
their ee;
But selfish hearts for sic as me hae nae kind words
to spare,
Their e'en like prison-windows tell when love's a
stranger there.

A kinder man than faither ance, I'm sure, was never
seen,
An' sair he wrocht an' nobly focht to keep us hale
an' bien;
My mither sang like ony bird—her sangs I mind
them weel—
For she was then a happy wife, an' he a husband leal.

O hame, sweet hame! dear to me yet; a paradise on
earth;
Wi' cloudless sky the days sailed by till sister Katie's
birth;
Then days o' gloom fell darkly doun, wi' blinks o'
joy between,
An' aye I won'ert when I saw the tears in mither's
e'en.

An' syne my claes brak' oot in holes, oor meals were
scant an' puir,
Oor furniture gaed stick by stick, a' but ae broken chair;

An' faither was sae alter'd noo, sae chang'd, jist only think—
He sware that he wad kill us a' unless we gied him drink.

O drink, vile drink! the source o' woe, the curse o' workin' men—
That turns sweet hame, man's heaven below, into a demon's den—
That kills the joy in bairnies' hearts, an' drives them in distress
To wander hameless, like mysel', in rags an' wretchedness.

An' when wee Katie she fell ill, my mither tint a' heart,
We lo'ed an' priz'd ilk ither sae, we couldna think to part;
Yet paler grew the wee sweet face, the wee feet cauld as lead,
An' when next morn I spiered for her, they tell't me she was deid.

An' when a' drest in her deid claes, I saw her lyin' there,
I couldna think that she was deid, she looked sae sweet an' fair—
Jist like a sleepin' angel wi' the smile yet on her cheek,
An' when I kiss'd her cauld, cauld lips I thocht my heart wad break!

Syne faither gaed frae bad to waur, a wreck upon life's shore,
My mither, hameless like mysel', was forced to seek the door
O' yon big hoose upon the hill, the prison o' the puir,
Whaur she, I fear, will break her heart, for there's nae comfort there.

An' there they'd hae me gang mysel', to eat a pauper's bread,
But rather than gang sic a gate I'd lay my hameless head
Wi' Katie in the auld kirkyard, whaur grass an' gowans wave—
The only spot left dear to me, my puir wee sister's grave.

An' there I'm gaun this very nicht to sit a' by mysel',
But no to greet an' break my heart—I've ither news to tell,
Something will mak' her wee heart gled, an' join wi' me to bless
The only frien' wha help has gien to me in my distress.

Oh, Katie! can the tale be true—the tale I heard him tell?
That ye're no deid but leevin'—lauchin' like yer happy sel',
In sunny mansions o' the blest, withoot ae thocht o' care,
Save for thy lanely brither, hoo wi' him thy bliss to share.

He's ta'en me hame wi' him to dwell in his ain cosy
beil,
I've walth to eat, he's gien me claes, a pair o' shoon
as weel;
He says he'll put me to a trade as soon's I learn to
read,
An' sae wi' ither honest folk wi' pride haud up my
heid.

An' this guid man, wha drew me oot o' puirtith's
hungry wave,
Is only ane o' mony mae wha've vow'd to seek an'
save
The victims o' the cursed drink that swarm in every
toun—
The Templars guid, wha'd shed their bluid to ding
the traffic doun.

An' in their ranks, I'm tauld, there's room for bairns
like you an' me,
Amang the lave I'll tak' my place—a freeman 'mang
the free!
An' then my faither yet—wha kens?—to temperance
I may gain,
My mither sit an' smile ance mair upon her ain
hearth-stane.

Noo, Katie, ye'll be there, I ken, to bless us wi' thy
smile,
To hide frae us the hatefu' past, an' oor sad thochts
beguile;

An' when the sun lichts up the hearth, I'll think that
ye are there—
Jist sittin' as ye used to sit in yer ain wee rockin'
chair.

But dinna think I'll e'er forget—although nae mair
ye sleep—
Thy wee green grave in yon kirkyard; still through
the yett I'll creep,
An' there wi' snawy daisies I will deck its green sod
o'er,
An' tell ye a' that's in my heart, as I hae dune before.

JEANIE'S SECRET;

OR, WHAUR THE WEANS COME FRAE.

"Oh, Mary! I've sic news to tell!
I can hardly believe't yet mysel'—
At the deid hour o' nicht, lang afore it grew licht,
There cam' to the warl a wee wean,
A' its lane;
O there cam' to oor hoose a wee wean!

"Dae ye ken, when I heard its wee greet,
It jist min't me o' lambs when they bleat;
An', Mary, he'll be sic a brither to me,
For he'll grow up a stuffy wee man;
An' it's than
He'll stan' up for me like a man!

"It's nae bigger than your muckle doll;
An' it cam' withoot claes; isn't droll?
No a shae on its feet, an' it hasna ta'en meat
Sin' the very first hour that it cam'—
The wee lamb!
It's ne'er tastit a bite sin' it cam'."

"A wee wean! Jeanie Bain, did ye say?
Preserve us! an' whaur cam' it frae?
Did it come o' itsel'? did it ring the door bell?
Losh me! an' wha tell't it the road?
It's sae odd
That the wee thing should fin' oot the road."

"Hoots, Mary! is that a' ye ken?
Weans dinna come toddlin' ben;
It was Doctor M'Gouch brocht it hame in his pouch—
Brocht it hame jist to mither an' me;
But ye see
It belangs mair to mither than me."

"Withoot claes? Jeanie Bain, the wee dear!
Has the auld doctor grown sic a bear?
To cram in his pouch a bit wean, the auld wretch!
O it really was very ill dune—
What a sin!
I ne'er wad ha'e thocht it o' him."

"But, Mary, keep min' it's sae wee;
Oor doctor, he'd no' harm a flee,

He's sae canny an' kin'—O weel, weel I min'
Hoo the tear drappit doun frae his e'e
When puir me!
Lay sae ill that a' thocht I wad dee."

"But Jeanie, lass, here is the thing—
Whaur gets he the weans hame to bring?
Dae they grow on the oaks, or come oot o' kail-stocks
As aunty has aften tauld me?
But may be,
It's only a great muckle lee."

"Weel, Mary,—but mind—ye'll no tell?
For it cam' frae the doctor himsel'—
In a muckle kist, whilk is a' quiltit wi' silk,
They are left wi' the doctor to keep,
An' they sleep
A' day lang, an' gi'e never a cheep.

"Sic a beautifu' sicht ye ne'er saw,
For like wee waxen dolls in a raw
They lie cheek to cheek, a' sae cosie an' sleek,
Till somebody wants ane awa'—
Maybe twa;
Syne the doctor jist slips ane awa'."

"Oh, Jeanie! what wad I no' gie
Sic a kistfu' o' cuddlers to see;
The wee sarkless bodies! they'll jist be like scuddies
Asleep in their warm fuggie nest,
A' at rest,
Jist like birds in a wee fuggie nest.

"Sae they dinna grow oot o' kail-stocks?
Then wha pits them intil the box?"
"'Tis the angels, dear Mary! wha lovingly carry
The bonnie wee tots frae afar,
Frae some star,
Whaur the pure an' the beautiful are."

"It's a strange tale ye tell, Jeanie Bain;
But—but what did ye gi'e for your wean?
For mither, d'ye see, has nae weans but me—
Except Jock, an' he's aff to the schule,
The big fule!
It's muckle he'll dae at a schule."

"Oor wean! it wad cost—let me see—
Far mair siller than ye ha'e to gi'e;
For auld Doctor Mac waled the best in his pack,
I'se warrant 'twad cost a poun' note,
Ilka groat;
Oh, I'm sure it wad cost a hale note."

"A poun' for a wean withoot claes!
My sang! weans are weans noo-a-days;
I could get a big doll, clad frae heid to the sole,
For the half o' the siller, I guess—
Aye, an' less,
An' that's no' countin' ocht on the dress.

"An' forbye, oor doll-weans dinna greet,
An' they leeve a' day lang withoot meat;

They need nae new shoon, for the auld ne'er gae dune,
An' there's this to be said, Jeanie Bain,
It's my ain!
An' ye canna say that o' *your* wean!"

"No my ain, Mary! what dae ye mean—
Will't na lie in my bosom at e'en?
My mither, nae doot, whiles may nurs't when I'm oot,
Bnt wha'll gie't its saps, but jist me!
Sae ye see
It belangs baith to mither an' me.

"It's true, your doll-weans dinna greet,
No, nor lauch, nor yet waggle their feet,
An' they canna play 'goo!' wi' their wee rosy mou',
Hum! a doll wi' a wean to compare!
I declare!
They're worth dolls a thousan' an' mair!"

THE NO' WEEL LASSIE.

"Come, faither, sit ye here by me, an' tell me whaur ye've been,
For sin' ye left at early morn I haena closed my een;
O weary, weary is this life o' sickness an' o' pain!
I aften think, when a' my lane, I'll ne'er grow weel again.

"It wad be sad to lea' ye a', to lea' the blessed sun,
To lea' ye when the sweet Spring-time is hardly weel begun—
But tell me whaur ye've been, faither, what ferlies did ye see?
An' hae ye brocht the wee Spring flowers yestreen ye promised me?"

"I thocht you were asleep, Annie; I saw the morn was fair,
Sae hied awa' oot to the fields to breathe the caller air;
To breathe the caller air, my lass, an' scent the openin' buds,
An' seek for bonnie blossoms in the lown neuks o' the wuds.

"An' there beneath a bushy bield the first primrose I saw,
In its wee nest o' crimpit leaves fu' bonnie it did blaw;
The daisy, tae, was spreadin' her white stars upon the lea,
An' sweetly bloomin', in the shaw, the pale anemone."

"O, faither, that I had been oot wi' thee this sunny morn,
To scent the odour o' the larch upon the saft winds borne;
But let me see the bonnie flowers! ah, faither, ye're to blame;
Ye should hae brocht them hame wi' ye, ye should hae brocht them hame!"

"Syne, Annie lass, I took the path that winds beside
the stream,
Whaur brambles trail their purple stems, an' snawy
starworts gleam;
An' there upon the sunny bank beneath the souchin'
pine,
I saw the gowden starnies o' the little celandine."

"O bonnie flowers! my ain wee flowers! O, that I
ance were up!
I think I see that gowden ane jist like a buttercup;
Ye micht, at least hae brocht me that—ah, faither,
ye're to blame!
Ye should hae brocht them hame, faither, ye should
hae brocht them hame!

"If I were in the wuds, faither, an' ye were lyin' here,
I'd be the first to bring to ye the wild flowers o' the
year;
Forbye, ye ken, ye promised me afore I fell asleep
That ye wad bring them hame to me, sae noo your
promise keep.

"I see a smile upon thy face, ye're makin' fun I see;
What's that ye hae ahin your back a-hidin' sae frae
me?
Ah, ha! ye rogue, I've fand ye oot, I see yer no to
blame,
Ye've kept your promise, here's a kiss for bringing
me them hame!"

THE NO-WEEL LASSIE'S DREAM.

"Are ye wauken, dearest Annie? I am blythe to see
ance mair
The glow o' health upon thy cheek, thy smile like
sunshine rare;
But there is something on thy mind ye fain wad tell
to me,
I see it on thy thochtfu' broo, I read it in thine e'e."

"I'm glad ye hae come in, faither, for I've had sic a
dream;
I saw the angels roun' my bed, their snaw-white
garments gleam,
I thocht to rise but couldna, for my limbs were cauld
as lead,
An' I heard the angels whisper low, 'the puir wee
lassie's deid!'

"Then the strange sweet hymn they sang in a deep
sleep made me fa',
An' when I waukened sic a sicht nae mortal ever saw,
Sae mony fair young faces o' bairns jist like mysel',
Their voices ringin' loud an' clear like bonnie siller
bell."

"O Annie, dear, ye've been in heaven, the Lord wha
brocht ye there
Aft times in visions o' the nicht reveals its glories
rare;

But tell me a' thy dream, my lass! the sichts ye saw aboon,
An' if ye had a thocht to spare for them ye left behin'?"

"Their claes were like the sun, faither, that shines at early morn;
I gazed in wonder on them a' like ane jist newly born,
They claspt me to their lovin' breasts, an' kiss'd me owre an' owre
As I sat 'mong scented roses in a bonnie sunny bower.

"The trees aboon oor heids drapt doun their flowers o' white an' red,
While lauchin' bairnies gather'd them to mak' me a saft bed;
The branches made sweet music as the winds did saftly blaw,
While sweetly frae the distance cam' the sough o' waterfa'.

"Yet for a' I wasna happy, mournfu' thochts within me grew,
Though lambs were sportin' at my feet an' birds aroun' me flew;
For I thocht me o' the folk at hame, my mither greetin' sair,
You, faither, weetin' wi' yer tears the wee deid facie there.

"The angels saw an' kiss'd awa' the tears that wat my cheek,
Sae fu' o' sympathy themsel's to me they couldna speak;
But they made a cradle o' their airms an' laid me saftly there,
Then ere I wist awa' they flew owre leagues o' landscapes fair.

"They said we'll tak' ye to a place whaur love alane is law,
To ane wha frae thy lovin' heart will drive sad thochts awa',
To Him wha bless'd wee bairns langsyne an' took them on His knee,
Caress'd an' kiss'd them ane by ane, jist puir folks' weans like thee.

"Then on a spot besprent wi' flowers they set me gently doun,
While saints an' angels han' in han' in wonder gather'd roun',
An' there stood ane among them a' by saint an' sage adored,
He claspt me in His airms, an' then I kent it was the Lord.

"'Twas then my griefs were a' forgot, my heart wi' rapture burned,
I kent He wad dry up the tears o' them for me wha mourn'd;

An' when He whisper'd 'Annie, dear! lay a' thy griefs on Me,'
I lookit in His face an' said I think I'll bide wi' Thee.

"Then high in Heaven arose the strains o' the angelic choir,
Their jewel'd fingers swept the strings, an' smote the trembling wire,
But when the gatherin' host aboon took up the joyous theme,
Their loud hosannas wauken'd me, an' that was a' my dream."

"'Twas He, an' nane but He, Annie, thy King an' lovin' Lord,
Let us accept it as a sign thy health will be restor'd,
An' no as some wad gar us think ye're gaun to lea' us noo;
God grant it may be mony years before thy dream come true."

THE WEE-WORN FROCK.

Oh, there's mony a sad sicht in this big busy toun,
An' waefu' things happenin' on ilka haun',
But I saw a sicht yestreen brocht the tears happin' doun—
'Twas a wee lassie's frock hingin' up in the pawn

Hingin' by itsel' in the window sae wide,
A spectacle to a', but a blythe sicht to nane—
The wee soople sleeves hingin' doun by the side,
As if wae for the loss o' the absent wean.

Oh, what could it be gart my heart fill sae fu'?
It's no aboot the frock that I mak' my sad mane,
But the wee thing that wore it—oh, whaur is she noo?
An' is there naething left noo to hap the bit wean?

It wasna a new frock, nor fitted to adorn
Some wee elfin princess, or fairy, I fear;
Ae button aff the sleeve, an' the hem a kenin' worn—
In short, jist a frock fit for ilka-day wear.

I couldna help thinkin' that day it was new
Hoo the wee han's wad clap when the bairnie gat it on;
Hoo her wee gleesome lauch wad ring the biggin' through,
While her joy-lichtit een like twa clear starries shone.

What can it be ava' that sae quenches the heart's lowe,
An' mak's folk sic monsters, it's hard to un'erstan';
If ocht-ane wad think—could that mither's bosom thowe,
It wad be that wee frock in the window o' a pawn.

I think I see the wee shouthers frockless an' bare,
Shiverin' wi' the cauld, saying, "Mammy, are ye gaun

To buy me a new ane? if sae, I dinna care,"
Ah me, she disna ken it's awa' to the pawn.

Oh, dool on the mither that could rob ane sae wee!
Her ain flesh an' bluid tae, an' a' for a groat;
A woman sae heartless—an' mony sic there be—
I wadna like to lippen wi' my purse or my throat.

There's something wrang at hame, some wolf in the fauld,
Or sichts like thae in pawnshops oor een wadna see;
Wha kens but 'neath the green sod her wee heart lies cauld—
At rest the wee han's that pu'd gowans on the lea.

Far better it were sae, that the wee thing were deid,
An' hame amang the angels—to lauch, sport, an' play,
Than wi' a drucken mither sic a waefu' life to lead;
Lord, drive awa' the drink curse, we earnestly pray

O Scotland, the canker is bred in thy banes!
Owre weel we a' ken what mak's sic miserie!
What strips aff the frocks o' thy guileless wee weans,
An' brings the saut tear to my puir Muse's e'e.

THE WEE DOUG'S APPEAL TO HIS DRUCKEN MAISTER.

[*Suggested by seeing a little dog sitting at the door of a public-house, and looking anxiously toward the interior, where stood a man, apparently its master, very much intoxicated.*]

PART I.

O COME awa! dear maister mine, ye maunna langer stay,
The mornin' sun is spielin' up the gowden heights o' day,
Ye ken we hae'na been at hame sin' yesterday at three;
Forbye, the whisky folk frae ye hae ta'en yer last bawbee.

Wee Johnnie 'll be greetin'—his puir mammy be sae sad—
An' Jeanie lookin' a' the hoose, aye spierin' for her dad;
Nae won'er we hae scrimpit meals, an' sometimes nane ava,
When there's nae siller in the hoose to keep fell want awa'.

They'll won'er whaur their duggie is—puir things they dinna ken
I'm watchin' owre their faither in the drunkard's laithsome den;

Yet sweet reward for a' my care, ance hame, they'll
cuddle me,
An' Jeanie frae her wee white han' her sugar'd piece
will gie.

O wae betide the whisky folk, they rob puir workin'-
men,
Then fling them oot like ne'er-do-weels, when they've
nae mair to spen';
I dae my best to keep ye oot, an' mony a kick I thole,
But when yer in I'd easier draw a badger frae its hole.

'Twas jist yestreen nae far'er gane, I saw that ye war
fou,
Sae gie'd a bark to wauken ye, an' gie'd your breeks
a pu';
When at me ran the whisky man, an' drew me sic'na
kick,
It sent me yowlin' frae the hoose, sair limpin' wi' the
lick.

'Twasna' for a' the din I made that set the loon on
me—
He kent ye had some siller left to spen' on barley
bree;
But haud a wee, I'll seize him yet, an' gie him sic a
rug,
He'll think twice ere he lift his fit to ony puir man's
doug.

It's no' alane the misery ye bring upon yersel'—
Ye'll bring yer bairnies to disgrace, an' break the heart o' Nell;
Ye'll sune be oot o' hoose an' ha'—an' harken, in yer lug—
Ye'll maybe miss, when I am deid, yer ain bit tousie doug.

Ye'll no hae me to warn ye o' horses, gigs, an' cars,
Nor watch when ye are sleepin' fou beneath the pale nicht stars;
What ither doug wad thole yer cuffs an' lead ye safely hame,
An' follow ye through win' an' weet—aft wi' a hungry wame!

Ye min' that awfu' winter nicht ye lay amang the snaw,
Cauld sleet an' drift fell frae the lift, the win' did fiercely blaw;
To keep ye warm an' safe frae harm, I lay upon your breist,
An' ilk ane said ye aw'd yer life to me, yer faithfu' beast.

Ye wer'na aye sae fond o' drink—it was a happy hame
When wife an' bairns, guidman an' doug, join'd in the blythesome game;
We then had walth to eat an' drink—braw claes for kirk an' fair—
An' o' the best, amang the rest, yer douggie got his share.

But win' an' weet, the want o' meat, e'en cuffs an' kicks I'd thole,
Gin ye'd but promise to forsake this waur than Satan's hole;
I fain wad come an' pu' ye oot, but daurna' for my lugs—
The public-hoose is no a place for either men or dougs!

Part II.

O come awa', for ony sake, nor heed that whisky-man,
To set yer heart against yer doug, he's tryin' a' he can;
He needna shake his neive at me, nor think to gar me rin,
I'm still a tarrie at the heart, though worn to hair an' skin.

I ne'er wad darken his door step, an' 'twerna for yersel',
I hae a duty to perform, baith to the bairns an' Nell;
Puir things, my thochts are a' on them, but ye ne'er fash yer lug;
Sae wae for them, I whiles could greet, though I am but a doug.

D'ye ye min' that day wee Annie dee'd?—her lips were cauld an' blue,
Hoo, puir wee thing, sae lovingly she to her breast ye drew?

Her cauld han's lock'd aboot yer neck, it made my
heart feel sair,
To hear her plead, wi' her last breath, that ye should
drink nae mair.

Ye ken if ye hae kept yer word to yer wee deein' wean.
That very day her heid was laid aneath the kirkyard
stane,
Ye gaed straucht to the public-hoose—nae doot to
droon yer care,
But though I'm but a doug, I ken there's nae real
comfort there.

Yer surely daft—na, waur than daft—to sell the joys
o' hame,
For drink that mak's ye sic a fule, gar's e'en yer
doug think shame;
It freezes luve—it kills respec'—it mak's ye no yersel';
An' waur than a', ye're like a bear baith to the bairns
an' Nell.

An' sic a fricht, the ither nicht, we gat when ye were
fou,
Ye said ye were in some dark pit, 'mang deils an'
bogles blue—
The very sweat brak' on yer face, yer hair stood a'
on en',
An' Nell, puir body, ran like wud to fetch the neebors
ben.

Wee Jock has scarce a trouser left—wee Jeanie's
frock is thin—
An' as for me, my very banes are stickin' through
my skin;
Yer ain coat's fa'in' aff yer back—ye've scarce a sark
ava—
An' Nell, yer wife, I'm wae to see, rins bare-fit 'mang
the snaw.

An' I were you, an' had like you, a wife an' twa sic
weans,
I'd toil for them, though I should wear my fingers to
the banes;
The precious clink ye spen' on drink, wad busk them
oot fu' braw
An' mak' their cheeks, sae pale an' thin, like simmer
roses blaw.

O waes me! an' ye dinna men', I fear the bairnies
baith
Will sune be wi' their sister in the cauld, cauld hoose
o' death;
But wad ye tak' a manly thocht, an' break the whisky
jug,
'Twad mak' yer hame a paradise an' me a happy
doug.

THE TWA DOUGS.

(NEW VERSION.)

BEING A SEQUEL TO "THE WEE DOUG'S APPEAL."

OSCAR *(A Publican's Dog.)*

"Wow, Afton! it's an awfu' time sin' ye were here aboot;
My gudeness! ye're sae altered, that I maist begin to doot,
As folk say, yer identity—sae fat an' fair ye seem:
Ye're surely in some cook-shop noo, or fed on curds an' cream.

"Yer hair is laid sae smoothly back, yer neck sae sleek an' braw,
Wi' feet as white as if ye wore a glove on ilka paw;
Sae gracefully ye curl yer tail, sae arch ye cock yer lugs—
There's ups an' douns in life, 'twad seem, amang the very dougs.

"It's no' sae lang, my gentle frien', sin' ye were nae sae fine,
When ilka hair stood frae yer back like birses on a swine;
Yer tautit wame bedraigled a', wi' paidlin' through the dibs;
While through yer skin, sae lank an' lean, the bairns wad count yer ribs.

"O mony a day afore oor door ye lay upon the flags,
While through the hair yer hainches twa stuck oot like timmer knags;
Sae weak through want, ye scarce could wag; while mony a hearty thump
The laddies gied ye wi' a rung oot owre yer baney rump.

"But whaur is Sandy Semple noo?—the man ye serv'd sae weel,
Wha lang was oor best customer, an' wore oor cauk an' keel;
He canna hae gien owre the drink, the chiel had nae sic wit:
He'll hae drapt aff, like mony mair, in some deep boozin' fit.

"An' whaur's the puir young wife that used to come an' spier for him,
While he wad ramp an' rave an' swear, like ony Satan's limb,
An' threaten, if she didna gang, to fell her to the grun,
While Maister at the counter stood an' leuch to see the fun?

"An' whaur—or else I'm far mista'en, he had twa bonnie weans;
I've heard him threaten, in his cups, to knock oot Johnnie's brains.

Hae they, like him, grown ne'er-do-weels? or are the
puir things deid?
Far better they were ta'en awa', than sic a life to
lead."

AFTON *(A Teetotaler's Dog).*

"Ay, Oscar, there are ups an' douns 'mang dougs nae
less than men:
It's altered days wi' you as weel, I doot ye hardly fen;
Ye're no sae sleek's ye used to be, nor are ye half sae
crouse;
Say, are ye still in tow wi' him wha keeps the public
hoose?

"D'ye mind ye used to growl at me, because I wadna
bide
Awa' frae him wha sat an' boozed a' day at your
fireside;
An' though yer maister egged ye on to tear me limb
frae limb,
Ye still had pity on puir me, though there was nane
in him.

"Scuil laddies gied me mony a kick, an' ca'd me
mony a name,
Yet still to Sandy I was true, though he was sair to
blame.
When aff the drink he was sae kin'—fell Drink! 'twas
his mishap;
Yet aye yer maister plied him wi't as lang's he had
a rap.

"But noo wi' us it's altered days—a happy wife is
Nell;
In Sandy there is sic a change—ye'll see it in mysel';
He never prees the demon drink, nor joins the drouthy
core,
While publicans, abune a' men on earth, he does
abhor.

"Wee Jock an' Kate are stout an' hale, weel fed,
weel cled, an' clean,
An' kindly Sandy cuddles them when he comes hame
at e'en.
O, when I see his brawny airms the bairnies faulded
roun',
Oot owre my nose, in spite o' fate, the tear comes
happin' doun.

"An' when he strokes my gawsie back, or claps my
sonsy hide,
An' ca's me his auld trusty tyke, I wag my tail wi'
pride.
Wow, Oscar! 'tis a blessed thing when men come to
their sel',
For, while they are the slaves o' drink, hame's jist a
perfect hell."

OSCAR:

"Sic life I ken owre weel aboot, I see it ilka day,
Sin' maister to the cursed drink *himsel'* has fa'n a
prey:

His family a' hae gane to wrack, his wife drinks like a whale,
Till noo she's like a whisky cask, or tun o' 'Burton' ale.

"He's ta'en a shop whaur decent folk will hardly venture in,
Whaur drucken wives an' duddie weans a' day to ruin rin,
Na, waur—the scum o' woman-kind, the pests o' ilka toun,
Crood in to drink their ill-won gains, the pangs o' thocht to droon.

"An' sic a tearin' swearin' set! sic aiths dart frae ilk tongue;
Whilk sooner than I wad repeat, I'd let mysel' be hung.
I'm sick o't Afton! real heart sick, an' whiles wish I were deid,—
Than bide wi' him in sic a hole I'll rather beg my bread."

AFTON.

"I won'er whiles oor magistrates permit sic dens ava;
An' I were them, an' had the power, I'd steek them ane an' a'.
An' yet if wark-folk had but sense to keep oot o' their reach,
It wad dae mair to steek them up than a' teetotalers preach.

"Ye'll maybe think I'm prejudeezed, as I'm a
temperance doug;
Yet 'bout their 'Leagues' an' 'liquor laws' I never
fash my lug.
The folk that suffer through the drink hae maist
themsel's to blame,
Yet aye the lash fa's sairest on the innocent at hame.

"But come an' join oor Temperance folk, they'll keep
ye bien an' braw:
They've fatter pigs an' sleeker hens—in fact they're
kin' to a'.
I needna bid ye tak' the pledge, for whisky, ale, or
wine
Ne'er crossed yer craig, I daur be sworn, as little hae
they mine.

"An' after this, I hope an' trust, nae member o' oor
race
Will eat the bread o' publican, but count it a disgrace:
Sae come awa', auld crony mine, frae yon auld
badger's den,
Ye'll gain respect frae honest dougs, as weel as sober
men."

THE PERPLEXED PREACHER.

The beardless embryo of a Scotch divine
In College gifts and graces great did shine;
So great in logic, famed for eloquence,
The Presbytery at once did him license

To preach theology to saint and sinner,
Marry, baptise, and otherwise earn his dinner.
Soon kirks and congregations, far and near,
Impatient grew this prodigy to hear,
And sent him invitations, not a few,
To preach—no matter what, if only *new*.
At length, more to the point, a call there came—
Unanimous; the spot we need not name.
A village church it was, in rural glen,
Where looms in grandeur a gigantic Ben;
With boundless tracts of heath and thymy moor,
O'er which the healthful breeze blew sweet and pure.

Our *Alma Mater's* darling, duly wean'd,
Behold him now, a minister ordained,
While twelve sleek hands like slates laid on his head,
Symbol unnumber'd blessings on him shed.
Their solemn task perform'd, the Presbytery
Smoke, drink and dine, bless God, then homeward hurry,
Leaving our young Boanerges to pursue
His calling high 'mid "scenes and pastures new."
Alone with his own thoughts came sad misgivings,
Dread thoughts of failure, evil-spirit movings
Towards his flock. To him each face was new,
And strange, unsympathetic; while a few
Seemed hypocritical, and would, no doubt,
Do all they could to turn clean inside out
His sermons, lectures, prayers, and orations—
Thus damp his zeal, besides exhaust his patience.

But he no less resolved to do his duty,
Solaced his soul with nature's glowing beauty,
Drank inspiration from the ambient air,
And with the gods communed in fervent prayer.
Nor only in his little private study
Rehearsed the grand discourse prepared and ready
'Gainst Sabbath to astound his congregation,
And by sheer force command their admiration;
But sought the deep seclusion of the hills,
Lulled by the psalmody of mountain rills;
His church the dreary moor where silence reigned—
His pulpit the turf dyke 'gainst which he lean'd.
One wave of that weird wand imagination,
And, lo! before him stood his congregation.
There, o'er them shook the terrors of the Word,
Wav'd his right hand as if it held a sword;
Poured forth the lava of his ardent soul—
The fiery sentences did flash and roll,
Like thunder-javelins, on the startled air.
But ere our wrapt-declaimer is aware,
Another audience had gathered near,
This new Elias of our times to hear—
The native ruminants of that wild region,
Strangers alike to science and religion—
Fat oxen, sheep, cows, stirks, and sportive lambs—
The latter peeping from behind their dams—
All gaze upon him with wide wondering eyes,
Spell-bound, they listen with a mute surprise.
Encouraged by the sight, our young divine
Accepts their homage as a hopeful sign
Of future success with his human flock,

Whose stony hearts, determined to unlock.
He rises with the greatness of his theme;
Foam-wreathed his lips, his eyes with frenzy gleam.
Inspired anew by such attention given,
He calls on all to put their trust in Heaven,
Hold fast the creed of Calvin, Beza, Knox,
Or share the doom of the unorthodox.

Their first surprise once o'er, his audience,
Not being used to ponder in suspense,
Grew restless—some to yawn and shake the head,
As if in doubt of much that he had said;
While one, in wicked malice or in sport,
Hoisted her tail and gave a brutish snort
That raised a wild commotion and a rout;
The sheep, no less affected, wheel'd about,
Turning upon our hero their behinds,
Leaving our preacher preaching to the winds.
"Such is the world," soliloquised the youth—
"They turn their backs on him who speaks the truth,
Close to the beautiful both eyes and ears;
Slaves to cursed ignorance and brutish fears."
Still harder things our preacher would have said,
When something heavy bumped down on his head;
Another! yet another! thundered down;
Huge sods of peat, square-cut, sun-bak'd and brown,
Hurled by no puny hand; more like some fiend
Possessed the turfy wall 'gainst which he leaned,
Whose name it might be legion; hence the rout,
Unceremonious, of the friendly nowt.

Imagination conjured up the rest—
Of spiteful brownies that our moors infest.
And as to valour still belongs discretion,
Our hero, in his growing consternation,
Like frightened courser swift took to his heels;
A hero still—for who can cope with deils?
But now to solve the mystery. Walter Gunn,
The shepherd, had resolved to have some fun
That day at the new minister's expense;
And so had lain concealed behind the fence.
'Twas he awoke the terror of the herd,
When, spite of preacher or the preachëd Word,
They helter-skelter scampered from the spot,
Leaving our hero like good Mrs. Lot—
No, not a saline pillar, but a warning
To young aspirants crazed with grace or learning,
And now, to crown and magnify his fears,
Had tumbled down the dyke about his ears!

THE LAIRD O' DERRINANE.

A BALLAD.

JEANIE'S gane oot lamentin',
Lamentin' a' her lane;
To please her dad, she's forced to wed
The laird o' Derrinane.

She's socht the howe o' the green wood,
Ta'en shelter in the shaw,

That nane may see the saut, saut tears
That frae her een doun fa'.

Her gowden locks, frae 'neath her snood,
In wild disorder flow;
While to the winds that heedless pass
She vents her tale o' woe.

"Oh, were he but a younger man,
Though born in lowly cot,
Gude kens, to me it wad be bliss
To share his humble lot.

But to be wed to sic a carle—
Tied up to ane sae auld,
Sae grim an' grey, sae bleer'd an' blae,
It mak's my bluid rin cauld.

As weel mate dreamy dark-broo'd Nicht
To gay an' gladsome Noon,
Or frosty-bearded Januar',
To fair an' flowery June.

No, rather let me loup yon lin,
'Twad be less sin in me,
Than for the sake o' warld's wealth
An auld man's bride to be."

She rose to seek the darksome pool,
That murmur'd far below,
Sin' there was nane to hear her mane—
Tak' pity on her woe.

But as she turned her frae the spot
To carry oot her plan,
Or ere she kent, before her stood
A gallant gentleman.

Health's ruddy hue was on his cheek—
Though ne'er a youth was he—
While tender was the lovin' licht
That sparkled in his ee.

"What ails, what ails thee, bonnie lass,
That mak's thy cheek sae wan?
I ne'er had dreamt sae fair a flower
Did blossom in oor lan'.

Come sit thee doun upon this bank,
That I thy tale may hear;
Syne, I will be thy ain true knicht,
By a' that's guid I swear!"

His kindly looks, his manly words,
Brocht up the rosy blush
To Jeanie's cheek; through a' her veins
A feeling strange did rush.

She tauld the stranger her sad tale
O' misery an' pain,
Hoo she, to please her sire, maun wed
The laird o' Derrinane.

"The thing's a' settled, past remead,
I heard my mither say,

An' here, to claim me for his bride,
He comes this very day!"

"An' wha's this laird o' Derrinane,
That fills thee wi' sic fear?
He sure maun be some gruesome ghoul;
I wish we had him here!

An' when saw ye this aged wicht,
Wha comes to marry thee?
An' is there nocht aboot the carle
To please a lassie's ee?"

"I saw him ance, it may be twice—
It's mony years since than,
For I was but a lassie wee,
An' he a bearded man.

He was my faither's crony leal—
Fast frien's were aye the twa,
An' noo, withoot my leave, he comes
To carry me awa'!"

"Oh, say nae mair, my ain sweet lass,
But buckle to my side,
I'll free ye frae your troubles a',
An' ye'll but be my bride!

I hae a hoose, a dainty farm,
Whaur kye feed on the lea,
Fat sheep a fiel', baith maut an' meal
Aneuch for thee an' me.

Say but the word, we'll to Mess John,
My ain true love, my life!
Syne to thy faither an' the laird,
Present ye as my wife."

What could she say, what could she dae,
'Gainst sic a winnin' tongue?
She felt she lo'ed him as her life,
Albeit he wasna young.

Ah, love, sweet love! nae ither lowe
The human heart sae warms;
What could the helpless lassie dae
But fa' into his airms?

Nae sooner wed, an' welded fast
By Hymen's sacred fire,
Than in a carriage aff they rode
To meet her angry sire.

"What gars ye look sae glum, auld man?
An' you, auld dame, sae queer?
Ye've seen a man an' wife before;
Look up! sweet Jeanie dear!"

She didna see the meanin' wink
That pass'd between the twa,—
Her faither an' her ain guidman,
As they met in the ha'.

For oh! she was sae fu' o' dread
O' what was yet to come—
A mither's hate, a faither's curse—
She dreed micht be her doom.

Wi' kennilt ee an' wrathfu' broo,
The auld man view'd the pair;
Syne fell he back upon his seat,
An' lauch'd till he was sair.

"To think," quo he, "that bairn o' mine
Should be sae far mista'en;
Dinna ye see, ye doited wench,
Ye've married Derrinane!"

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

What's the matter, what's the matter?
That a woman and a daughter
Of that God who made us all,
Should from womanhood thus fall,
All life's sweetness turned to gall:
What's the matter, what's the matter?

Fair by nature, and still young,
Yet with rags and patches hung,
Hair dishevel'd, bloodshot eyes;
Would thy mother in this guise
Know her once beloved daughter?
What's the matter, what's the matter?

In her laughter there's no mirth,
Cheeks where dimpling smiles had birth,
Dust begrim'd and hollow now,
Seam'd with care the youthful brow;
Urchins point the finger at her:
What's the matter, what's the matter?

Eyes that once were like the dawn,
When the night clouds are withdrawn;
What hath quench'd their joyous light?
Whence their soul eclipsing blight?
Soul once pure as sparkling water:
What's the matter, what's the matter?

Gleam of crystal, glare of brass,
Hold her eye, she cannot pass!
Child of poverty and sin,
Wilt thou—wilt thou, venture in?
Hopeless woman! Eve's frail daughter!
Ah! I see *now* what's the matter.

God who made yon star-gemmed roof,
For how long shall this vile hoof
Tread thy children under foot,
"Sink the man, exalt the brute,"
Even fair woman bruise and batter?
O that we could *end* the matter!

Till by some great purpose fir'd,
Though we preach like men inspired,

Vainly we thy truth reveal,
Souls must suffer, men must feel—
Deeds we want, not wordy patter,
If we wish to mend the matter.

THY DARLING IS NOT DEAD!

Fond mother, do not weep!
Though we have laid him in the grave's cold bed,
And death hath lull'd him to his long, last sleep,
Thy darling is not dead!

That which we gave to earth
Was but the garment by the spirit worn,
Death to the outer is the inner's birth;
A seraph now he's born.

A prince among his peers,
'Mong bright child angels now, he lifts his head.
Oh let this thought restrain for aye thy tears,
"My darling is not dead."

Rather rejoice that now
Thou hast in Heaven laid up this treasure rare,
That thou hast dropt behind Death's goring plough
One seed of fruitage fair.

From which one day thou'lt reap,
When thine own span of lower life hath sped,
The golden harvest, piled in garner'd heap,
For why? He is not dead!

Why vainly dost thou grope
For some faint opening to the light above,
When thine own heart, doth hold a star of hope—
A mother's deathless love?

Were there no other light,
This one live glimmer o'er thy spirit shed,
Like God's own finger on the gloom, would write—
"Thy darling is not dead."

The spirit cannot die,
Of God's own essence, since it forms a part;
Though parted from us, they are ever nigh,
To bless the longing heart.

Nor deem that now afar
From those who love him hath thy dear one fled;
Thy love will draw him from the farthest star,
For why, he is not dead.

But for those earth-bound eyes
Thou might'st behold him smiling by thy side,
And gazing on thee with a sad surprise,
As round thee he doth glide.

Lighter than thistledown
Or falling snow-flake now thy lov'd one's tread;
Softer than air the lips that press thine own—
Of him thou callest dead.

Bless God for this glad thought,
No mocking mystery of hireling priest,
But from the fires of human suffering wrought
By God within the breast.

And while thy sad thoughts dwell
On that blest time when sunder'd souls shall wed,
Say in thy heart "My Father, it is well!
I know he is not dead."

ROSAMINE.

I took her to my humble home, I took her to my heart,
A little friendless orphan girl—
Myself an old grey-bearded carle—
Resolved we'd never part.

I warm'd and shod the little feet, her shivering limbs I clad,
Spoke soothing words to calm her fears,
And kiss'd away the grateful tears
From eyes that now were glad.

'Twas winter when the orphan came, the days were dark and cold,
But summer came with Rosamine,
Youth's summer in my heart did shine,
I felt no longer old.

The breath of flowers was on her lips, bright sun-gold
in her hair,
The liquid azure of her eyes
To me brought sunny April skies,
Her cheeks June roses were.

How sad my life till Rosa came! even then, when
down the stairs
With joy her pattering footsteps rain'd,
I knew not I had entertain'd
An angel unawares,—

An angel child to warm my heart, and fill my home
with glee;
Day after day thus to behold
That wee sweet face of perfect mould,
Was heav'n itself to me.

And when the tender April buds peep'd out from bank
and brae,
With step as light as thistledown
She led me out beyond the town
To God's green fields away.

And there, deep in the wood, we found the first
anemone,
Wood-sorrel with its pencil'd bloom,
That droops its leaves when dark clouds loom
Or night steals o'er the lea.

Once home and seated on the hearth, what questioning
began—
For she must know each floweret's name,
And how it grew, and whence it came—
I was a puzzled man.

Then by-and-by the golden curls upon my knee would
rest,
While in her face and in her eyes
Would well up wonder and surprise
Too deep to be expressed.

And thus the tendrils of our hearts would close and
closer twine,
Each day the dearer she to me;
No wonder in my doating glee
I called her Rosa-*mine*.

Oh, foolish heart! Oh, dotard head! ne'er thinking,
such thy faith,
That days of darkness were in store,
That my sweet bud held in its core
The canker worm of death!

She died, my darling Rosa died! a flower too frail to
last;
And with her died all else to me—
Rose, daisy, and anemone,
All, all, to death have pass'd!

Spring, summer, golden autumn, all are winter now to me,
Save when upon the ear of Time
Falls heavily the midnight chime,
In dream-land her I see.

Thus, like a star, her deathless love for me doth nightly shine;
While, at the unseen golden gate,
To welcome me doth patient wait
My darling Rosamine!

THE FRICHTIT WEAN.

Part First.

O Whaur'll I gae hide, mither? t'will be a nicht o' dool,
Ye'll no guess what I saw the nicht, as I cam' frae the schule?
For comin' by the public-hoose, the door wide open flew,
An' O, I saw my faither there, an' he was swearin' fou.

I winna sleep a wink the nicht, to bed I winna gae—
An' mither, when I ken he's fou, for him I canna pray;
For O, sic awfu' words he says to you, his wifie-dear,
My very heart loups to my mouth, whene'er his fit I hear.

'Twas jist the ither week, mither, we lay upon the stair,
When three times roun' an' roun' the hoose he har'ld ye by the hair;
'Twas surely awfu' cruelty, when naething had ye dune,
To use his wife an' bairnie sae, maun surely be a sin.

An' a' that lee lang nicht, mither, ae wink I couldna' rest,
Though roun' an' roun' ye happit me, like birdie in its nest;
For aye ye laid yer burnin' broo upon my cozie cheek,
An' aye ye sabbit to yersel, altho' ye didna speak.

My head was fu' o' waefu' thochts, my heart was fu' o' pain,
For aye yer tears upon my cheek fell doon like simmer rain;
An' aye we heard his smother'd oaths, oot thro the steekit door,
At length he fell doon frae his chair, and loud began to snore.

An' then ye slippit in, mither, when he was sleepin' soun',
An' in the bed, yont by the wa', ye laid me saftly doon;
An' syne ye stood, wi' claspit han's an' breath'd this wee short prayer—
"O God, preserve my innocent frae sorrow, sin, an' care."

Then gently, as an angel might, ye raised my faither's
head,
An' slip't aneath the feather cod, brocht frae yer ain
saft bed;
I thocht me o' his cruelty, I thocht me o' his sin,
An' won'ert ye could be sae kind, for a' that he had
dune.

An' there, until the stars gaed oot, ye sat yer leesom'
lane—
An' a' that nicht the queenly moon look'd thro' the
window pane;
An' aye upon yer han's, mither, ye press'd yer
burnin' broo,
While frae yer fingers hung the tears, like draps o'
mornin' dew.

Then, after a' that ye had done for him, jist only
think,
Ye had to pawn yer petticoat next morn to gie him
drink;
O fauld me to thy breast, mither, an' rock me on
thy knee,
An' 'twerna for my mither's love what wad become
o' me?

Last Monday, at the schule, mither, they telt me to
my face,
To be a drucken faither's wean, was warst o' a'
disgrace;

The bluid gied flushin' to my broo, my cheeks grew
red wi' shame—
Sae blindit were my een wi' tears I scarce kent the
road hame.

But wae's my heart, they dinna ken how muckle
we've ta dae,
Or else sic cruel, cruel words, to me they wadna say;
They ne'er were sick for want o'meat, nor cauld for
want o' coal—
They hae but little sympathy wha haena ocht to
thole.

An' when, on simmer Sunday noons, I lonely tak' a
turn,
To gather gowans on the braes, or king-cups by the
burn,
To meet them, dressed a' in their best, it fills my heart
wi' pain—
They gie their heads a toss an' say, "It's drucken'
Sandy's wean."

An' sae I creep oot o' their sicht to hide me in the
shaw,
Whaur ower me, like my mither's arms, the branches
kin'ly fa';
The wee primroses frae the grass look up wi' pityin'
e'e,
While to my ears the win' brings sangs frae lovin'
bird an' bee.

An' whiles I steek my een, mither, an' O what visions come,
While sweeter far than Robin's sang, or wild bee's joyous hum,
Come sangs an' lovin' voices afloatin' a' aroun',
An' gowden wings come flashin' thro' the simmer-lift aboon.

An' then my thochts flee back, mither, to some forgotten day—
When faither seems a gentleman, an' you a lady gay,
An' ye are walkin' arm in arm—like bridegroom an' his bride—
An he his ain wee lassie ca's his darlin' an' his pride.

But then the wimplin' burn, mither, becomes a river wide,
Withouten din its waters rin, nae rocks its stream divide,
An' some ane whispers, I maun cross that braid deep stream o' death—
But first the blue forget-me-nots I gather to ye baith.

But, hark! what's that upon the stair? Was that a fit I heard?
My frichtit heart, within my breast, is flickerin' like a bird;
O hide me in thy bosom, mither, an' rock me on thy knee—
An' 'twerna for my mither's love, this nicht I maist could dee.

Part Second.

O dinna speak sic words, my bairn, they mak' thy
mither wae,
An' dinna let thy wee heart grieve, whate'er thy
faither dae,
But cuddle in my bosom noo, my darlin' an' my
pride!
I lo'e my ain wee lassie mair than a' the world beside.

Whate'er misfortune may befa', or darkness gather
roun',
It winna alter my strong faith in Him wha dwells
aboon;
Ayont the darkest winter-cloud, the sun shines tho'
unseen,
On mirkest nichts the stars glint doon, like bonnie
angels' een.

Sae Hope's wee starrie in my heart, lichts up the
cloud o' care,
To win thy father frae the drink I dinna yet despair;
An' to that God wha loe's the lost, for him still let
us pray—
To God still cleave—the first, the best, the only
frien' we hae.

But tell me hoo can ane sae young, still dream o'
joys lang syne,
Like sprigs o' thyme, 'tween mem'ry's leaves, come
past joys back to min'?

Thy faither was the best o' men, the triggest on the green;
That day I was his wedded bride, I thocht mysel' a queen.

An' like a king upon his throne he filled our muckle chair,
An' a' the hours he spent wi' me he frae his wark could spare;
An' hoo his lovin' heart, wi' joy beat in his manly breast,
When first within her mither's arms his ain wee wean he kiss'd!

But ah; ere lang, the tempter cam' an' drew him frae my side—
Intemp'rance bore him like a ship that's driftin' wi' the tide.
An' as a noble ship is dashed upon a stormy coast,
Oor happy hame becam' a wreck, an a' its treasures lost.

My faither was a wealthy laird, had horses, sheep, an' kye,
Braid fields that waved wi' yellow corn, an mickle gear forbye;
He pled wi' me baith day an' nicht, to lea yer faither dear.
But O! to leave him to himsel' the thocht I couldna bear.

Sae in his wrath he curs'd his bairn, in words o' scorn
an' hate:
He left my name oot o' his will—he left me to my
fate;
Ilk frien' I had deserted me for daein' what was
richt—
Nor will I rue what I hae done, tho' I should dee this
nicht.

I winna leave him to himsel', if, God! it be thy will.
He was the choice o' my young heart—an' oh! I lo'e
him still;
An' O, upon my knees—I ask, let me not ask in vain,
Restore my husband to my heart, a faither to my
wean!

Yes! lovin' heart! thy Father hears in heaven thy
earnest cry—
That God wha lifts the lowly up, looks down frae
yonder sky;
An' he has ta'en thy precious tears to deck his kingly
crown.
See noo, the dawn o' better days, the nicht o' sorrow
flown.

Part Third.

An' still the mither's couthie han' her darlin' wean
caress'd
While she, like a wee frichtit doo, still close an'
closer press'd;

The shilpit cat upon the hearth kept up a purrin' din,
While thro' the winnock on them baith the moon kept glowrin' in.

In ilka corner o' the hoose cauld poortith micht be seen;—
The furniture nae doot was scant, yet a' was snod an' clean—
A pickle meal far doon the pock was a' their present store—
But, hark!—she hears a weel ken't han' play dirl upon the door.

Clink gaed the sneck, an' syne the door flew open wi' a bang;
An' doon before her on the floor, himsel' the truant flang;
Wi' ruefu' face an' quiverin' lips, he tried, but couldna speak,
While tears, lang strangers to his face, ran coursin' doon his cheek,

An hae I sic a noble wife? an' hae I sic a wean?
Sic love to a puir wretch like me, wad melt a heart o' stane.
O! if a life o' soberness to ye will mak' amends,
This nicht my life o' recklessness an' sinfu' drinkin' ends;

An' if I'm only spar'd to see anither mornin's licht,
I'll gang an' join the temp'lar folk, syne toil wi' a' my micht;

Sae dicht thy een' my ain true wife—I see they're
tears o' joy—
Thy Sandy ne'er shall gi'e thee pain—nae mair thy
peace destroy.

An' come to me, my ain dear bairn! sweet angel o'
my hame,
Thou'lt ne'er hae cause to blush for me, nor hide thy
head wi' shame;
While stan'in at the door this nicht, I heard thy ilka
word,
An' ilka ane gae'd thro' my heart, like to a fiery
sword.

O God! but gi'e me health an' strength, I'll toil wi'
micht an' main,
To mak' my life a blessin' to my wifie an' my wean;
An' in thy ain Almighty strength still let me firmly
trust,
Nae mair to Bacchus let me boo degraded in the dust!

. . . . . .

An' Sandy Seaton kept his word, they ha'e nae
poortith noo,
Wi' ilka thing their hearts could wish—their hames
are packit fu',
He's got a business o' his ain' wi' maist a score o'
men;
An' ta'en a cottage at the coast, wi' rooms baith but
and ben.

O' bairnies todlin' in an' oot, they've mair than ane or twa,
An' tho' he's siller in the bank, o' that he doesna blaw;
Noo, a' his thocht is hoo to keep his wife an' bairnies bien,
For costly dress, his bonnie Bess dings a' the neebors clean.

Yet while's upon her bonnie broo, there lichts a cloud o' care,
When a' are gather'd roun the hearth, there's still an' empty chair;
While memory unlocks the past an' brings a stoun o' pain,
An' aye the tears come hapin' doun for her wee frichtit wean.

The wee thing's heart ran owre wi' joy to see things gang sae weel,
But ah! pale death, wi' ruthless han', had set on her his seal,
Yet aye she gaed aboot the hoose an' smiled upon them a',
Till cam' the spring when birdies sing, an flowers begin' to blaw.

Then simmer frae her rosy lap, her honied treasure shed,
But on the bairnie's wee saft cheek the hectic rose had spread,

An' when the harvest sickle gleam'd amang the gowden grain,
The angels bore to heav'n awa' the puir wee frichtit wean.

Songs.

OOR WEE KATE.

AIR—"*There Grows a Bonny Brier Bush.*"

Was there ever sic a lassie kent, as oor Wee Kate?
There's no a wean in a' the toun like oor Wee Kate;
Baith in an' oot, at kirk an' schule, she rins at sic a rate,
A pair a' shoon jists lasts a month wi' oor Wee Kate.

I wish she'd been a callan, she's sic a steerin queen—
For ribbons, dolls, an' a' sic gear, she doesna' care a preen,
But taps an' bools, girs, ba's an' bats, she plays wi' ear' an' late;
I'll hae to get a pair o' breeks for oor Wee Kate.

Na, what do you think? the ither day, as sure as ony thing—
I saw her fleein' dragons, wi' maist a mile o' string;
Yer jumpin' rapes and peveralls, she flings oot o' her gate,
But nane can fire a towgun like oor Wee Kate.

They tell me on the meetin' nichts she's waur than ony fule,
She dings her bloomer oot o' shape an' mak'st jist like a shule;
The chairman glooms an' shakes his head an' scarce can keep his seat;
I won'er he can thole sic deils as oor Wee Kate.

But see her on a gala-nicht, she's aye sae neat an' clean—
Wi' cheeks like ony roses, an' bonnie glancin' een—
An' then to hear her sing a sang, its jist a perfect treat,
For ne'er a lintie sings sae sweet as oor Wee Kate.

An' yet there's no' a kin'er wean in a' the toun, I'm sure;
That day wee brither Johnny dee'd, she grat her wee heart sair;
In beggar weans, an' helpless folk she taks a queer conceit—
They're sure to get the bits o' piece frae oor Wee Kate.

Gaun to the kirk the ither day she sees a duddie wean,
Wi' cauld bare feet and brackit face sit sabbin' on a stane;
She slipt the penny in his han' I gie'd her for the plate:
The kirks wad fa' if folks were a' like oor Wee Kate.

For a' she's sic a steer-about, sae fu' o' mirth an' fun,
She taks the lead in ilka class, an' mony a prize she's won—
This gars me think there's maybe mair than mischief in her pate;
I wish I saw the wisdom teeth o' oor Wee Kate.

IMPH-M.*

AIR—"*Gee-wo-Neddy.*"

WHEN I was a laddie langsyne at the schule,
The maister aye ca'd me a dunce an' a feul;
For somehoo his words I could ne'er un'erstan',
Unless when he bawled "Jamie! haud oot yer han'"!
Then I gloom'd, and said "Imph-m,"—
I glunch'd, and said "Imph-m"—
I wasna owre proud, but owre dour to say—A-y-e!

Ae day a queer word, as lang-nebbit's himsel',
He vow'd he would thrash me if I wadna spell,
Quo I, "Maister Quill," wi' a kin' o a' swither,
"I'll spell ye the word if ye'll spell me anither:"
"Let's hear ye spell 'Imph-m,'
That common word 'Imph-m,'
That auld Scotch word 'Imph-m,' ye ken it means A-y-e!"

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* The fifth stanza having been added since its publication in the "Idylls," this song may now be considered complete.

Had ye seen hoo he glowr'd, hoo he scratched his
big pate,
An' shouted, "Ye villain, get oot o' my gate!
Get aff to yer seat! yer the plague o' the schule!
The de'il o' me kens if yer maist rogue or fule."
But I only said "Imph-m,'
That pawkie word "Imph-m,"
He cou'dna spell "Imph-m," that stands for an—
A-y-e!

An' when a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean—
O' Avon's braw lasses the pride an' the queen—
When 'neath my grey plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,
I speired in a whisper' if she'd be my ain.
She blush'd, an' said "Imph-m,"
That charming word "Imph-m,"
A thoosan' times better an' sweeter than—A-y-e!

Jist ae thing I wanted my bliss to complete—
Ae kiss frae her rosy mou', couthie an' sweet,
But a shake o' her heid was her only reply—
Of course, that said no, but I kent she meant A-y-e,
For her twa een said "Imph-m,"
Her red lips said "Imph-m."
Her hale face said "Imph-m," an "Imph-m" means
A-y-e!

An noo I'm a dad wi' a hoose o' my ain—
A dainty bit wifie, an' mair than ae wean;
But the worst o't is this—when a question I speir,

They pit on a look sae auld-farran' an' queer,
But only say "Imph-m,"
That daft-like word "Imph-m,"
That vulgar word "Imphm"—they winna say—
A-y-e!

Ye've heard hoo the de'il, as he wauchel'd through Beith
Wi' a wife in ilk oxter, an' ane in his teeth,
When some ane cried oot "Will ye tak' mine the morn?"
He wagg'd his auld tail while he cockit his horn,
But only said "Imph-m,"
That usefu' word "Imph-m"—
Wi' sic a big mouthfu', he couldna say—A-y-e!

Sae I've gi'en owre the "Imph-m"—it's no a nice word;
When printed on paper its perfect absurd;
Sae if ye're owre lazy to open yer jaw,
Just haud ye yer tongue, an' say naething ava;
But never say "Imph-m,"
That daft-like word "Imph-m"—
It's ten times mair vulgar than even braid—A-y-e!

THE BONNIE TEMPLAR LASSIE.

AIR—"*Did ye see my Hanky Panky.*"

DAE ye ken I'm a Guid Templar noo;
It's far the safest plan,
While a' the folk look up to me,
A steady gaun young man.
Ye'll no guess hoo this cam' aboot,
'Twas a' through pawkie Jean,
The bonniest lassie in oor Lodge,
Wi' twa bewitchin' een.

Oh my! she was sly, that wee bonnie Templar lassie,
Trig an' neat, an' oh sae sweet! I doot my heid
she'll turn!

Ae nicht wi' twa auld cronies dear,
I gaed to hae a spree,
An' whaur dae ye think we landed, but
At a Templar's gran' soiree.
An' sic a sicht there met my view,
O' lassies buskit braw,
While by my side ane clinkit doon—
The bonniest o' them a'.

Oh my! etc.

Oh had ye seen her pawkie look,
As she handit me my tea,
Aye spierin' gin I liked it sweet,
As sweet she smil'd on me,

An when she slippit in my loof
A lozenge, white as snaw,
Ye'll no' guess what was prentit on't?—
"Guid nicht, I'm gaun awa'!"
Oh my! etc.

Quo I, sweet lass, ye mauna gang
Till ance ye tell yer name,
Whaur ye come frae, an' what ye dae;
Quo she, I bide at hame.
But gin ye want to ken the gate,
Come yont the road wi' me,
It's wearin' late, I daurna wait,
Or mither 'll flyte on me.
Oh my! etc.

Dear lass, quo I, there's nocht on earth
Wad gie me greater joy,
Were't to the warl's ootmost en',
I'll be thy safe convoy.
But let me hap thee frae the blast,
This cauld will be thy death,
My Scottish plaid is braid an' wide;
Quo she, 'twill haud us baith.
Oh my! etc.

I took her hame, an' ere I left
My heart was dancin' fain,
Wi' pantin' breist, quo I dear lass,
When shall we meet again?

Young man, quo she, on Monday nicht,
Oor lodge meets ilka week,
Sae gin ye've ocht to say to me,
It's there ye maun me seek.
Oh my! etc.

When I gaed up on Monday nicht,
They wadna let me in',
For I hadna got their secret word,
Though I'd gotten a gey wat skin.
But wha comes trippin' to the door
In scarlet bib sae braw,
But darlin' Jean, the pawkie queen,
The fairest o' them a'.
Oh my! etc.

Quo she, dear lad, come join the cause,
We need brave hearts an' true,
Come share the joy o' kindred souls,
The deed ye ne'er will rue.
Sae I jist took her at her word—
Put on the bib sae braw,
An' noo I'm hers, an' she is mine,
An' we're nae langer twa.

Oh my! she was sly, that wee bonnie Templar lassie,
Trig an' neat, an' oh sae sweet! I kent my heid she wad turn!

A SNOOZE IN THE MORNIN'.

AIR—First part of "*Johnnie Cope.*"

LANG syne I hae min hoo the folk ca'd me a'
A muckle sleepy head, that wad be nocht ava'
For I sleepit the hale o' my senses awa'
Wi' lyin' sae lang in the mornin'.

Then mither, puir body, she wad skirl an' cry,
Hey, Jamie, are ye wauken? get up, man, fie!
Yes, mither, I'll be ben in a blink, quo I;
But the very next minute I was snorin'.

Then faither he wad rise in a rage, an' tak'
The muckle cart whup doon frae the rack,
An' owre my hurdies cam' sic a whack
That I frichtit the kye wi' my roarin'.

When I gaed aff to work wi' auld Mosey Dicks,
Quo he ye'll be in min' exac' at six,
But I hadna been used to ony sic tricks,
Sae I lay to nine that mornin'.

Weel, at ten I gaed expectin' to see
The body flee up in a great tirrivee:
Quo he, my man, it's naething to me
Tho' ye lie till the judgment mornin'.

Then by an' by I marrit a wife,
Expectin' to leeve a contentit life;

But instead o' that there's been nocht but strife,
For she sleeps in hersel' in the mornin'.

If I lie to aucht, she maun lie to twel'.
If I say it's time to get up dear, Bell!
She says if ye like ye can rise yersel',
For I maun hae my snooze in the mornin'.

She'll no' gie me peace e'en to lie by her side,
She says ane that's lazy she canna abide;
That an' she were me she wad tak' a pride
In ken'lin' the fire in the mornin'.

Determined at last, I wad thole this nae mair,
Quo I, Bell, get up, or I vow an' declare—
When she drew me a kick, laid me flat on the flair,
E're I kent whaur I was in the mornin'.

O' sic an' awfu' life, nae won'er I'm sick,
For the bairns a' hae gotten the very same trick,
They've a' been tarr'd wi' the same black stick,
For they'll no' lea' their bed in the mornin'.

A woman may lead but she ne'er will drive;
Wi' a thrawart wife it's vain to strive,
Sae try an' wale ane that will rise at five,
An' let you tak' yer snooze in the mornin'.

WHAT DAE YE THINK O' JEANIE?

AIR—"*What do you think o' that, my Joe?*"

I MET twa frien's at auld Nan Gray's,
Wha keeps the sign o' the "Parrot;"
We had some yill, an' syne we raise,
But werena ony the waur o't;
Syne aff I gaed to see my Jean,
A lass baith guid an' bonnie,
Wi' gowden locks an' twa blue een,
An' lips mair sweet than honey.

Then what dae ye think o' that, my frien's!
An' what dae ye think o' my Jeanie?"

Aroun' her waist my arms I flang,
An' ca'd her my dear lassie,
When back she drave me wi' a bang,
Maist coup'd me on the causey.
I was sae ta'en I couldna speak,
She seemed in sic a passion,
A crimson glow on ilka cheek,
Her een like diamonds flashin'.

Noo, what dae ye think, &c.

"Get out," quo she, "ye drunken sicht!
Hae ye nae sense nor reason,
Tae come to me in sic a plicht?
Yer very breath is poozhen."

An' then ye'll no guess what she said—
My sang, it was a settler—
"Nae man on earth I'll ever wed,
Unless he's a teetot'ler."
Noo, what dae ye think, &c.

Quo I, "My lass, gi'e owre sic freaks;
For you my love is ended,
'Tis time aneuch to wear the breeks
When ance we canna mend it;
There's as guid fish intae the sea
As e'er were ta'en, in plenty;
An' lassies guid an' fair as thee,
I'm sure I could get twenty!"
Noo, what dae ye think, &c.

I couldna rest, but up an' doun
I gaed, like some puir Steenie,
Quite wud to think that for the drink
I'd lost my winsome Jeanie.
Noo, what to dae I didna ken,
I seemed sae hard to want her;
Sae I resolved my life to men',
In spite o' a' their banter.
Noo, what dae ye think, &c.

Sae aff I gaed an' signed the pledge,
An' syne to see my lassie,
I met her by the trystin'-hedge,
An' wow, but she was saucy;

But when she heard what I had dune,
Her face a' beamed wi' pleasure;
Sweet love ance mair put a' in tune,
Oor bliss was 'boon a' measure.

Noo, what dae ye think o' this, my frien's!
I've won an' wed my Jeanie.

HITHER AND YON.

AIR—"*Maggie Mackie.*"

O WAE on the day when oor Bessy
Cam' into this druckensome toun,
For there ne'er was a thriftier lassie
In a' the hale kintra roun'.
But soon wi' ill neebors she fell in;
To me, though she never loot on,
I saw by the look o' oor dwellin',
That Bess was gaun hither and yon.

CHORUS.

Sae lassies beware o' the drappie,
Or ablins ye'll hae to atone:
The woman was never yet happy,
Wha learnt to gae hither and yon.

Hersel' and her hoose alike toozie,
Negleckit baith Johnnie an' Nell;
For Bess, when she used to get boozy
Could hardly tak' care o' hersel'.

Instead o' a bonnie trig kimmer,
Her claes wi' a graip seem'd flung on,
On me she brak' oot like a limmer,
Whene'er she gaed hither and yon.
Sae lassies, etc.

Meanwhile my heart breaking wi' sorrow,
Sair toilin' a leevin' to win,
A neebor's pass-key I maun borrow
At e'en, or I wadna get in.
Then 'stead o' a weel cookit dinner,
A drap o' sour milk an' a scone;
For Bessy hersel', the puir sinner,
Was sure to be hither and yon.
Sae lassies, etc.

My mither cam' in frae Kilwuddie
Ance eeran', expectin' to see
Her young folks weel daein' and steady,
An' ilka thing tosh to the e'e;
But though it was naething by ornar,
The sicht made the auld bodie groan,
For snorin' asleep in a corner
Lay Bessy, a' hither and yon.
Sae lassies, etc.

Now, mither's an auld farran' bodie,
To ilka ane's failin's a freen',
Instead o' gaun on like a rowdy,
Fell to like a gilpie to clean;

Weel kenin' that Bess when she wauken'd,
Wi' shame wad be like to gae on,
Whereas if her name she had blacken'd,
The mair she'd gane hither and yon.

Sae lassies, etc.

O blessin's on thee, my auld mither!
It cam' aboot jist as she said,
For Bess, when her senses cam' till her,
Wi' shame couldna haud up her heid;
But sabbin', cried "Oh, dinna lea' me!
I've been sair to blame, I maun own;
But, Johnnie lad, if ye'll forgie me,
I'll nae mair gae hither an' yon."

Sae lassies, etc.

Noo, ye'll scarce fin' a woman mair steady,
Ance mair I'm the blythest o' men;
She busks hersel' noo like a leddy,
An' keeps baith a but an' a ben.
What though she whiles likes to be maister,
An' threatens the breeks to put on,
I dinna count that a disaster—
It's no like gaun hither an' yon.

Sae lassies, etc.

WHISKY'S AWA'.

AIR—"*My Nannie's Awa'.*"

[As sung by Leezie Galbraith to a delighted audience, viz., her Guidman and Bairns.]

Noo winter has blawn ilka leaf frae the tree,
The bluebell an' gowan lie dead on the lea,
A' roun' oor wee biggin deep lies the white snaw,
But within there is simmer when whisky's awa.
But within there is simmer, &c.

Oor hame, ance sae haunted wi' sorrow an' care,
Noo rings wi' the music o' lovin' hearts there;
While John, like a hero, noo toils for us a',
In the pride o' his manhood, sin' whisky's awa.
In the pride o' his manhood, &c.

But the cauld days o' winter will soon whistle by,
An' the green braes be clad wi' the sheep an' the kye,
Then we'll aff to the glens whaur the wild roses blaw,
An' sing wi' glad nature, vile whisky's awa',
An' sing wi' glad nature, &c.

Let warldly minds warsle for riches an' fame,
Gie me but the wealth o' a love lichtit hame,
An' the cloud o' affliction mair lichtly will fa'
Owre the hames o' the lowly, when whisky's awa'.
Owre the hames o' the lowly, &c.

MY BONNIE WEE WIFIE AN' I.

O I'm a warkman wi' a wife an' twa laddies,
The pride o' my thrifty wee dame;
Twa red-cheekit, lauchin'-e'ed, steerin' wee caddies,
The joy an' the plague o' my hame.

CHORUS.

For we're a' sae weel tae dae noo, d'ye see,
A' things gae richt that we try;
For we've gi'en owre the drappie, and ne'er were sae happy,
My bonnie wee wifie an' I.

Our hame's like a palace, sae trig an' weel plenished,
A hearth like the new driven sna';
A braw chest o' drawers, an' a dresser new finished,
Sax chairs an' a waggity-wa'.
For we're a', &c.

It would tak' twa three hours o' a house-reevin' beagle,
To mark a' the gear that we hae,
Forbye my black suit, that' just new aff the needle,
Wi' a gloss like a bonnie ripe slae.
For we're a', &c.

We've rowth o' braid flannen—fy! Jeanie, nae blushin'—
We ne'er want a guid muckle cheese;

Last week, I bought her a big chair wi' a cushion,
To sit like a queen at her ease.
For we're a', &c.

I gang to the kirk wi' the bairns an' their minnie—
Nae sailin' on Sunday likes she;
Short syne I bought her a new dress at a guinea,
Nae won'er she's daft about me.
For we're a', &c.

Wi' wark an' guid health, an' the bairnies weel breekit,
I wish we may never be waur;
A watch in my fab, an' by ilk ane respeckit,
Look doon on me noo, if ye daur.
For we're a', &c.

THE AULD HEARTHSTANE.

Weel I mind oor wee biggin' that stood on yon lea,
Wi' its blue reek ascendin' sae joyous an' free,
Wi' a cheery bit winnock afore an' behin',
Reflectin' the joy o' the leal hearts within;
Noo roofless an' doorless it stan's in the rain,
An' the rank nettles wave on its auld hearthstane.

In winter's cauld time, when the dour winds did blaw,
An' the hills roun' aboot were a' covered wi' snaw,
While doon owre the easin' the icicles hang,
Within', roun' the ingle, we cantily sang;
Be it greyhaired auld granny or toddlin wean,
They a' fand a place roun' the auld hearthstane.

There my faither wad sit while my mither did spin,
An' lilt some auld sang to her wheel's cheery din,
While the wee toozie heads granny drew to her knee,
An' in oor lugs whispered, "Noo 'gree, bairnies, 'gree."
Then faither wad lauch till the wa's rang again,
At the antics we played on the auld hearthstane.

'Twas there in the neuk stood my faither's big chair;
The bink, wi' its pewter and crockery, there;
An' the auld aucht-day nock, wi' its solemn tick-tack,
Stood close by the wa' at my granny's chair-back,
While a broken cart wheel, that was cross in the grain,
Was the fender we had for the auld hearthstane.

A muckle box-bed on ilk han's ye gaed in,
A wisp at the door lay to keep oot the win';
An' there in the hurley us weans took our rest,
When we cuddled a' doon like wee birds in a nest.
Noo sadly I muse whaur the wee feet hae gane,
That danced wi' sic glee on the auld hearthstane.

Noo lanely I linger, the last o' them a',
Near the hame o' my kindred a' deid an' awa'.
On the gate they hae gane I am followin' fast,
Yet the heart, like the ivy, still clings to the past;
An' I whiles hae the thocht we shall a' meet again,
Though it mayna be here roun' the auld hearthstane.

HOO THINGS CAM ROUN' IN THE MORNIN'.

AIR—"*Hey Johnny Cope.*"

I MIND sin' they ca'd me a drucken loon,
The plague an' the pest o' a' oor toon,
On me ilka honest man lookit doon,
Though he tasted *himsel'* in the mornin'.

My wife an' the bairnies aft cam', to my shame,
At the dead hour o' nicht to oxter me hame;
An' she, puir thing! gat the hale o' the blame,
When we wanted a meal in the mornin'.

Oor things were a' sell't, to ilk ane we were awn—
The very toom meal-pock was aff to the pawn—
We were turn'd oot o' hoose at the grey o' the dawn,
To wan'er like sheep in the mornin'.

An', Gudeness forgie me! the warst thing o' a',
My ain winsome wife, an' oor wee lammies twa,
Her frien's frae the North took them a' clean awa',
An' left me alane in the mornin'.

Noo hunted wi' beagles, in sorrow an' shame,
I fled like an outcast frae hoose an' frae hame—
Fu' brawly I kent there was nae ane to blame,
But my ain stupit sel' in the mornin'.

I thocht me o' strychnine, I thocht o' a knife,
But the best thing I saw was to alter my life—

To turn a new leaf, and restore my puir wife
A' the joy o' her life's young mornin'.

Sae I cam' doun to Glasca, whaur frien's I had nane,
I wrocht like a slave, an' I leev'd a' my lane,
Till I managed to plenish a hoose o' my ain—
But sair I miss'd Jean in the mornin'.

But I sent aff a letter ae nicht, jist to tell
Hoo things had come roun', when niest mornin' the bell
Play'd reenge, an' wha was't but my lassie hersel'
Wi' oor twa bonnie bairns in the mornin'.

Then soon as my braw plenished hoose met her view,
Puir thing! her bit heart lap amaist to her mou',
Then into my arms like a birdie she flew,
An sabbit wi' joy in the mornin'.

Then roun' us the bairnies they danc'd an' they spield,
Till wi' joy an' wi' pleasure my very head reel'd,
Oor blythe bridal day owre again there we held,
An' began life anew in the mornin'.

Noo a' wha like me wad begin a new life,
First banish the "Barley," the cause o' a' strife,
Syne learn to be kind to your bairnies an' wife,
An' be sure ye get up in the mornin'.

GOOD TEMPLAR'S MARCHING SONG.

AIR—"*Shall we gather at the river.*"

RISE Good Templars to the rescue!
Muster wherever you be;
Thousands made happy wait to bless you,
Thousands still wait to be free.
While round our worthy chiefs we gather,
Wife, daughter, son, husband, father,
Boldly determine altogether
Our land from Intemperance to free!

Marshal our lodges to their numbers,
Firmly abide by our laws,
Wake fellow-mortals, from your slumbers,
Wake to the claims of our cause!
While round our worthy chiefs we gather,
Wife, daughter, son, husband, father,
Boldly determine altogether
To win all the world to our cause!

True to the pledges that bind us,
Proud of the honours we wear,
Leaving the dead past behind us,
Onward to victory we bear!
While round our worthy chiefs we gather,
Wife, daughter, son, husband, father,
Boldly determine altogether
That drink shall no longer ensnare.

Bound by love's ties one to the other,
Helpful at all times we stand,
Make but the sign of a brother,
Give but the grasp of the hand.
While round our worthy chiefs we gather,
Wife, daughter, son, husband, father,
Boldly determine altogether
To banish the curse from our land!

Lift then your voices in the chorus,
Whilst gaily we march along;
By those bright banners waving o'er us,
Right shall prevail over wrong!
While round our worthy chiefs we gather,
Wife, daughter, son, husband, father,
Boldly determine altogether
That right shall triumph over wrong.

WHO ARE THE HEROES?

Who are the heroes?—the men who labour.
Who are the kings?—the brave who toil,
Not by the rifle, not by the sabre,
Claim we a right to the fruits of the soil.

What though we own no fertile acres,
What though no lands in tenure we hold,
Ours is the might, for we are the makers—
Ours are the hands that gather the gold.
Who are the heroes?—&c.

We are the sinew and bone of the nation,
We are the walls our isle to defend;
Firm is the throne that has for foundation,
The hearts of a people on whom to depend.
Who are the, &c.

Down with all tyrants! away with oppression!
What though our land be an isle of the sea,
Earth is our workfield, noble our mission,
Let who will worship wealth. we are the free!
Who are the, &c.

Treasures of home, so dear to our bosoms,
Be our endeavour still to improve,
Dear to the workman his fair buds and blossoms,
Faithful his friendship, deathless his love.
Who are the, &c.

May the Almighty still guard and defend us
From every vice that would us ensnare;
Shades of our fathers! to bless, still attend us,
God bless the labourer still be our prayer!
Who are the, &c.

YE DAUGHTERS OF BEAUTY.

AIR—"*Jenny Jones.*"

Ye daughters of beauty, with charms so bewitching,
So modestly winning and dear to us all;
Our life's sweetest treasures—our homes so enriching,
Fair maidens and mothers, on you do we call.
Strong drink like a river your pathway is strewing
With the wrecks of the noble, the good, and the gay;
O lend us your aid then, to stem the wide ruin
Now blighting the flowers on your love-lighted way!

Our homes are invaded with dark Desolation,
There's danger wherever the wine-cup doth flow;
Then pledge your fair hands to resist the temptation,
Nor stain your red lips with those waters of woe.
Lift up your bright glances, put on all your beauty—
Your holy affections—your God-given dower;
Such weapons are mighty—awake to your duty,
The trophies you gather will add to your power.

How noble your mission, when kindly ye hover
Like angels of light round the pillow of pain;
The father, the brother, the husband, the lover,
Are calling you now to restore them again,
Then join our endeavours again we implore ye,
Lo! thousands to Bacchus are bending the knee;
The rescued will bless, and the good will adore ye;
Your tears to the captive—your smiles for the free.

OOR BONNIE WEE BAIRNS.

AIR—"*Lucy's Flittin'*."

To me Caledonia, how dear are thy mountains,
Thy hills o' red heather, and dark waving ferns,
I lo'e thy deep glens, wi' their clear gushin' fountains,
But dearer than a', are thy bonnie wee bairns!

In toons on the pavement, in fields 'mang the gowans,
Wherever I meet them my heart to them yearns.
Their een like wee starries, their lips like red rowans,
It mak's me feel young when I gaze on the bairns.

The raptures o' him wha is blest wi' a dearie,
Nae auld bach'lor bodie need e'er think to learn—
The cosiest hame aye seems dowie an' eerie,
Till sunn'd wi' the smile o' a bonnie wee bairn.

The laurel o' fame on my broo wad soon wither,
For riches an' grandeur still less am I carin',
But gie me the bliss o' a leal-hearted faither,
When first to his bosom he clasps his wee bairn.

Yon statesman wha toils for oor guid, an' oor glory—
Yon hero wha fechts, while he gallantly earns
A name an' a place in the annals o' story,
Ance danc'd on the green wi' oor bonnie wee bairns.

Oor bards o' langsyne still enliven an' cheer us,
The martyrs still speak frae their auld mossy cairns,
While the bluid that ance fir'd oor auld poets an' heroes,
Still mantles the cheeks o' oor bonnie wee bairns.

Can there be a faither sae base an' unfeelin',
As squan'er the wee pickle siller he earns;
When death's icy fingers are roun' his heart stealin',
He'll min' the sad looks o' his wee hunger't bairns.

Then O! let us keep their wee hearts frae temptation,
The loon wha wad wrang them I'd hae put in airns;
The glory an' pride o' oor auld Scottish nation—
Her health an' her wealth, are her blithesome wee bairns.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Along with a vivid fancy and warm imagination, Nicholson possesses a rare fund of humour, sometimes bordering on the comic. The story of the tailor who cut down his own black coat into a pair of gaiters, believing it to be one made by a rival tradesman to the farmer for whom he was "whipping the cat," the conversation of the "Clock and the Bellows," and "Oor Wee Kate," are evidences.—*N. B. Daily Mail.*

We hesitate not to say that, since the days of Burns and Macneil, no one has so well caught, and so forcibly expressed, the subtle homely pathos of lowly domestic life, as has the author of "Kilwuddie, and other Poems."—*Montrose Standard.*

"Imph-m" is worthy of Burns. Had Nicholson penned nothing but this, it would have entitled him to a place amongst our humorous poets. It is such a poem as Goldsmith would have loved to read, and which, had Douglas Jerrold been alive would have obtained a larger share of public notice for the writer. . . James Nicholson is one of those to whom is given a glorious mission, and the spirit of his verses prove that it will not be sacrificed by him on the altar of popular prejudice. Pure and simple in his style, truthful and eloquent in his language, and earnest in his thoughts--he is a true poet of the people, one whose utterances must sooner or later sink into their hearts and teach them to bless his memory."—*National Magazine.*

James Nicholson is one of those few poets from whose lips the Doric flows with much of the sweetness, and a great deal of the force, which characterised the language in the days of Burns."—*Elgin and Morayshire Courier.*

Pawkie humour, that quality so largely developed in the Scottish character, and particularly so in the genuine Scottish minstrel, is possessed in no stinted measure by Nicholson."—*Ayrshire Express.*

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